

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 14, 1963

25 CENTS

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Contents

OCTOBER 14, 1963 *Volume 19, Number 16*

Cover painting by Robert Handville

18 Koo-foo the Killer

Inspired by Sandy Koufax's two victories, the Dodgers broke up the Yankees in four straight games

26 A Clarkhunters' Day at The Glen

In an evening race Graham Hill bagged the biggest trophy in Grand Prix racing—Scotland's Don Clark

33 "El As" Is the Voice of America

The only Yankee hero of the week is the swashbuckling New Yorker who broadcast the World Series in Spanish

42 See How They Run

Some of pro football's best runners are drawn in action by Artist Robert Handville Jack Olsen tells the story of one of them, young Ronnie Bull

66 The Hydros Rolled Snake Eyes

Everyone gambles at Lake Tahoe, but for hydro drivers caught in a storm the odds were too long

70 Giving Them the Raspberry

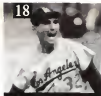
The Triple Crown of training was won by a jaunty colt that sticks his tongue out at his opposition

76 Baleful Look of a New Liston

The leading contender for the middleweight title, Rubin Carter has a wigger's glare and a prison record

The departments

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 11 Scorecard | 70 Harness Racing |
| 57 College Football | 75 Bridge |
| 65 Pro Football | 89 For the Record |
| 66 Boating | 90 19th Hole |
| 69 Golf | |



Stories ILLUSTRATED published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611, except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each U.S. and Canadian subscription \$3.00 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: eastern, RI-R4, E1-E8; southwestern, MI-M4; southern, WI-W8; western, HI-H8, Florida, RI-R4, E1-E8, MI-M4.

Acknowledgments on page 89

Next week

ENIGMATIC END. USC's Hal Bedsole has been called brash and sensitive. He is, above all, a very good football player. John Underwood reports on his drive to fame.

SWAMPLAND SWAMP. promoter Dick Pope used thousands of plants, hundreds of gels and miles of photographs to turn a swamp into a \$3 million property, Cypress Gardens.

CORNER BACKS in pro football have to be big, fast and smart. Even men who fill these qualifications don't have an easy job. Tex Maule defines it and describes some of the men.



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EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020
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SHOPWALK

Golfers' fall weather clothes are much warmer and more colorful this season

Golfers who insist upon playing in any kind of weather short of a blizzard can now put the colorful Scottish tweeds and tartans to the same good use the Highlanders themselves did when they first started playing the game more than five centuries ago. Chipp of New York has made what it

HENRY HICKLER



COLORFUL worsted wool tartan pants combine well with a water-repellent poplin jacket.

calls "Sunday Tweeds"—warm, comfortable Swedish trousers, boldly patterned in the authentic Scottish district checks of Glenfeshie, Ben Venue and the Thane of Fife. They are ideal protection against the late-afternoon chill of autumn. The pants are completely lined and cost \$30. The shop also has a large assortment of solid-color pullovers to wear with these bright tweed trousers. The shirts are made in England of warm wool jersey and are long-sleeved dress versions of the traditional polo shirts. They cost \$17.50.

Trews is the name for the tartan trousers originally worn by several of the Scottish regiments in the British army, and they are often worn with solid-color blazers to form colorful weekend sportswear. Corbin Ltd., however, uses the flaming Buchanan tartan (above), as well as the more sedate Black

continued

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SHOPWALK

Watch, Ancient Campbell and Matheson in golf tees. Made of worsted wool, the trousers cost \$28.50 at such stores as: Homer Reed, Denver; Robertson's, Lake Forest, Ill.; and Paul Stuart's, New York.

The golf jacket, shown with the tees, is made of water-repellent poplin by B. Teller of Vienna. It has an open-sleeve gusset construction that allows a golfer to swing a club easily and comfortably. The jacket has a soft knitted collar and buttons up the front. It costs \$27.50 at Paul Stuart's.

Golfers this fall also have adapted the vinyl-madras sailing parka (S1, July 22) to use as a colorful, rain-repellent jacket. Willis & Geiger, the outerwear firm, makes one of the most popular ones for Abercrombie



PRACTICAL shoe is made of a new synthetic that will not stretch out of shape or scuff.

& Fitch. It is hip length and generously cut to give a golfer plenty of room across the shoulders. The jacket comes in a variety of bright Irish-madras plaids and costs \$22.50.

White of New Haven, a shop long familiar to Yale University students, is carrying sport trousers of handwoven Shetland tweeds this fall for the first time in years. The trousers are made in tan, gray or lovat shades of traditional diagonal-tweed patterns, and cost \$29.50. The store designed the pants to be worn with sweaters (not sport jackets), such as their camel-hair V-neck pullover (S25), which Pringle of Scotland knits in the noncamel colors of red, off-blue and olive.

For tramping over golf courses in all kinds of weather, golfers need rugged, well-made shoes that will not stretch out of shape. Etonic Shoes of Brookline, Mass., a specialist in this field, has a new model especially well suited to fairways in winter. The upper part of Etonic's shoe is made with a revolutionary "breathable" synthetic which Du Pont, its maker, calls Corfam. It is about one-third the weight of the conventional leather shoe upper, and it does not stretch or scuff. Corfam also can be easily washed with soap and water, and it is supposed to keep a permanent shine. Etonic's new model (above) uses Corfam in the body of the shoe and leather in the sole and has a kiltie and spikes. The shoe costs \$39.95 a pair. It will be available in late November and December at pro shops throughout the country.

—PAUL SEEWALK



The sea drapes a lacy lei of white spray along the curving, palm-fringed shoreline of Keaua on the Island of Maui.

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What we know about you!

(If you're a Scotch drinker)

If you are a Scotch loyalist—prefer Scotch to all other kinds of whisky—you'll enjoy this insight into what kind of person you are. See how good a judge you are of yourself and your fellow Scotch-men.

Pencil handy? Check the appropriate boxes below. (All answers at bottom of page—but later, please.)

1. As a Scotch drinker, chances are nine to one you live:

- In a small town ☐ Beyond your means ☐
On the East Coast ☐ Near a big city ☐

2. Three out of every four people who prefer Scotch are:

- Clerical and sales people ☐ Housewives and teachers ☐
Business executives & Professional people ☐ Bagpipers ☐

3. An especially large number of Scotch-preferers went to college. The correct figure is:

- 9% ☐ 62% ☐ 57.3% ☐ 75% ☐

4. And a surprising number of Scotch loyalists are important people in public life. How many?

- 20% ☐ 6.2% ☐ 18% ☐ 11% ☐

Read on:

This brings us to Part II and a genuinely distinguished Scotch called White Horse. (The name comes from an ancient Scottish tavern.) White Horse differs from many famous Scotch whiskies in certain important ways. Try your hand at guessing:

5. Some much-advertised Scotches are bottled in England. Some are actually bottled in the U.S.! Where is White Horse made, bottled and imported from?

- Scotland ☐ England ☐ United States ☐

6. Some Scotches, though famous, are relatively new. White Horse has been cherished in Scotland for:

- 50 years ☐ 125 years ☐ 200 years ☐

7. White Horse is known as the DRY Scotch. It's light enough for modern taste. Yet it has substance. It doesn't "water out" with ice or soda. That's because Dry Scotch

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Twelve hours in an Autoclave ☐ Charcoal filtering ☐

One thing more. If you are one of the knowing people who prefer White Horse, we'd like to suggest a few other things that are probably true about you:

■ Your educated taste in Scotch is away from the heavy or sweet—toward the clean and crisp—toward the DRY. That's why you prefer White Horse. It's DRY.

■ You like being a good host. Enjoy serving White Horse, the dry Scotch. DRY—as in White Horse—means not pungent, not smoky. But not thin or watery, either. DRY—by White Horse—tastes delightfully like Scotch.

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Why not order White Horse for your next party? You'll appreciate the subtle Scotch personality that we call DRY. The care that even goes so far as numbering each bottle. Your friends will appreciate it, too.

Answers:

1. Near a big city. 2. Business executives and Professional people. 3. 75% 4. 20% 5. Scotland 6. 200 years 7. Thirty selected malt whiskies.

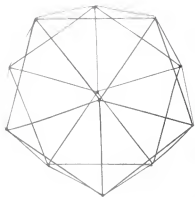
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White Horse the dry Scotch



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SCORECARD

MISSING: \$1.5 MILLION

The Yankees were not the only ones to wind up on the losing end in the four-game rout by the Dodgers. As almost every fan must know by now, the players on the two Series teams share in the gate receipts for the first four games. What every fan may not know is that if the Series had gone a full seven games, the commissioner's office, the two league offices and the Dodger and Yankee owners would have made a whopping haul. But with the Series over in four, estimates are that the commissioner's office lost out on \$222,000 and the two league offices \$314,000 each. Del Webb and Dan Topping, the Yankee co-owners, and Walter O'Malley, the Dodger owner, also missed \$314,000 rake-offs. Tears, anyone?

WHO'S GOT THE BALL CLUB?

Sometimes it can be disastrous for two men to get the same idea at the same time. Take the case of Sam Bailey, the University of Tampa athletic director, and Captain Garforth Mowll of the Port of Tampa Authority.

Unbeknownst to each other, they both set out to improve relations between the U.S. and Mexico. Bailey invited Mexico City's National Polytechnic Institute to play a football game at Tampa. The team would arrive a day early, put up at the Flordian Hotel, sleep late, visit August Busch Gardens, then rest for the game that night.

At the same time Captain Mowll invited a group of Mexican engineering students to visit Tampa. They would put up at the Tampa Terrace Hotel, rise early to tour the port, visit Busch Gardens and then enjoy a Spanish lunch at the Columbia Restaurant.

Captain Mowll's representative, in an error not yet explained, woke up the football team instead of the engineers and took the players, none of whom spoke English, off to the waterfront, where they spent all morning studying such port techniques as unloading bananas. Meanwhile, back at the University of Tampa, Bailey was searching for one missing

Mexican football team. By further grace of coincidence, the two groups of Mexicans, players and engineers, happened to meet at the Columbia Restaurant, where cooks had to double production of yellow rice and chicken.

Yes, it was the football team that showed up for the game that night, but the Mexicans tired visibly in the final period and lost to Tampa 33-14. They are, however, the best-informed football players in all North America on the location of channel markers in Tampa Bay.

JACK NICKLAUS: HORSEMAN

The success of a young harness horse named Bervaldo at Freehold Raceway in New Jersey is of particular interest to those who find significance in parallels. One of the horse's owners is Jack Nicklaus, the pro golfer. Nicklaus' start on the pro golf circuit was nothing less than astounding, but already Bervaldo is well ahead of his master's pace. In his first start for Nicklaus, Bervaldo finished third and won \$96. Nicklaus won only \$33.33 in his first tournament. The golfer had to wait until his 18th event before finishing first, but the horse was a winner in his second.

BOWLED OVER

A couple of years ago baseball fans were talking about the lively ball. Now bowlers—well, a handful of bowlers anyway—are griping about the lively pin.

According to Bill Taylor, a Los Angeles bowling teacher, present-day scores are much too high, and he attributes the startling increase to the recent introduction of plastic-coated, high-impact, high-velocity pins. "They bounce farther and faster and deflect faster," Taylor says, aghast. "The scores are fantastic. The plastic-coated pin is the equivalent of a golf cup three times the regulation diameter, so that everyone sinks his putts."

To plead his cause, Taylor has helped to found the National Committee for Honest Bowling Conditions, which now has 30 members and has published a

22-page booklet with such eye-catching chapter headings as "Has Your Daughter Shot 300 This Week?" and "Coming Soon: The Weaker Breed."

Taylor blames manufacturers for the lively pins, but he also puts it to alley proprietors for artificially inflating scores. Some proprietors, he says, round off the bottoms of pins so they will topple easily, and others sand a groove in the lane to guide the ball to the pocket. As Taylor asks in Chapter 5, "Will Bowling Join Wrestling As a Fake?"

WOLF! WOLF!

According to popular belief, *Canis lupus*, the wolf, is a fierce beast given over to eating Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother and chasing Russians in sleds. All that is so much blather, says Farley Mowat, the Canadian writer and biologist, in a book appropriately titled *Never Cry Wolf* (Atlantic-Little Brown, \$4.95).

Mowat did his research for the Canadian government, which was alarmed by reports from trappers that wolves were gobbling up caribou herds to the point of extinction. Literally dumped into the arctic Barrens by a bush pilot, Mowat was lucky enough to stumble across a



wolf family near by. Setting up a tent with a view of the den, he was able to study the family at work and play for half a year. There were the father, a stately, dignified wolf that Mowat named George; Angelina, the mother; an unattached male dubbed Uncle Albert, and four pups. Almost the first thing that Mowat learned was that,

continued



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SPEEDY IS
ITS MIDDLE NAME

SCORECARD *continued*

instead of being nomads. George and his brood were settled creatures who lived on an approximately 100-square-mile estate. Unless invited, other wolves did not cross the boundary lines, which were marked off by George and Uncle Albert periodically—much in the manner of dogs making the rounds of the neighborhood.

The wolves led a well-regulated life, with George and Uncle Albert doing most of the hunting at night. Sometimes Uncle Albert baby-sat while Angelina went off with George. The wolves were curious about Mowat, but they never bothered him, even when he crawled into their supposedly empty den to explore. (There is no authenticated record of a wolf ever killing a human in the Canadian north.)

For the most part, Angelina fed her pups on field mice which she would regurgitate by the dozens after a hunting trip. Wolves ate very few caribou and if anything, they kept the caribou herds fit by knocking off the halt, the lame and the blind. The real culprits were the trappers themselves, who slaughtered caribou by the thousands to feed their sled dogs.

Despite Mowat's pro-wolf report, the Canadian government has stepped up its wolf-control program with cyanide poisonings by air. Like children, the government apparently believes in fairy tales.

BEAT THE CLOCK

Let us say the clock is ticking off the last seconds before half time and you as the quarterback have moved your team to the enemy three-yard line. You have absolutely no time-outs at all, but you want to stop the clock.

Well, what you do in the Southwest and Big Eight conferences under a new interpretation of an old rule in 1963 is send your team to the line of scrimmage without huddling, take the snap from center and then hurl the football straight into the ground. The crowd may boo, but the clock will be stopped and you will not be penalized five yards for intentionally grounding the ball.

This very play occurred in the Kansas-Texas Christian game this season, and Kansas was able to score a touchdown because of it. Now more coaches are prepared to use the exact same "kill the clock" play when necessary.

Interestingly enough, however, Dela-

ware Coach Dave Nelson, secretary of the National Collegiate Athletic Association Rules Committee, says that the rule for intentionally grounding the ball is unchanged. A passer must have a target when he releases the ball or face a penalty. What the Southwest and Big Eight conferences have done, of course, is to convince game officials that it is not illegal or unethical for a passer to ground the ball purely to stop the clock. Exactly how the conferences did the convincing is not clear at this time. In any event, confusion and disagreement are rampant. What the NCAA needs are a sensible set of rules and c-i-e-a-r interpretations that all conferences—and coaches—can live by.

HUNTERS HUNTED

An old-fashioned feud is going on in the mountains of central and western Pennsylvania between sportsmen and coal mine operators. During World War II, coal operators began strip-mining on a lavish and profitable scale. They tore mountains asunder with zigzag trenches and left the countryside strewn with heaps of rock, slate and clay. Acid water filled abandoned trenches and ran off to pollute rivers and streams.

This summer the state legislature and Governor William Scranton finally put through a bill requiring mine operators to terrace or backfill the trenches. Conservationists and sportsmen hailed the law, but the operators claimed it would make business unprofitable in an area that is already depressed economically.

Seeking revenge against sportsmen who lobbied for the law, the operators have now barred hunters from 500,000 acres of land owned or under lease, and they have put armed deputies on guard. Much of the land is in prime hunting country. Last year about 5,000 deer and 49 bears were taken in Centre and Clearfield counties alone. Sportsmen say that the areas involved would take in more money from hunters than they would from mining, but at this point only the deputies have the guns.

VENUS DE MINNS

A Texas promoter named Richard L. Minns last week unveiled his Spa health and beauty resort for men and women in Dallas. The first spas, Minns discovered in the course of setting up in business, catered to Roman nobility in ancient times, and to give his Dallas sweatshop "authenticity of decor," a fancy way of saying class, he went to Rome

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DU PONT
ZEPEL
FABRIC FLUORIDIZER

to buy some replicas of ancient statues.

There, alas, he found the statues were too fat. "*Venus de Milo*," says Minns, "was a little hippy." After buying \$300.-600 worth of replicas, he suggested to the Italian sculptors that they slim Venus down to Dallas sylphdom—18 inches off the hips, 13 off the waist and maybe about 11 off the shoulders. "The rest of her," he airily told the Italians, "is O.K." While he was at it, he also suggested that the sculptors do some extensive remodeling of the *Apollo Belvedere*, *David*, *Aphrodite*, the *Durrobobus* and the *Three Muses*.

The sculptors screamed about American lack of taste, sensitivity and soul and refused to lift a chisel. Equally indignant, Minns said *Venus de Milo* was a bad example for Dallas dames, and, besides, *David* did need that fig leaf. But the Italians still refused to make any alterations, and so Minns shipped the statues back to Dallas. There they stand, brass plates warning that their measurements are not recommended to patrons. Even in Texas, Minns is compelled to do as the Romans do.

POWER OF THE PRESS

Local sportswriters named Fred Brown, a University of Miami end, Florida line-man of the week for his play against Purdue. After seeing films of the game, Miami coaches demoted Brown to the second team.

THEY SAID IT

- Air Force Football Coach Ben Martin, on the academy's radically designed chapel: "We don't know whether to pray in it, for it or at it."
- Roger Maris, on his feud with the New York press: "I notice they take a thousand pictures of me, but the papers always use the ones in which I'm not smiling."
- Bo Hagan, Rice assistant coach: "Playing LSU is like going home late. You know you'll catch hell, but there's not a thing you can do about it."
- Steeler End Lou Michaels, afraid of what his mother would think of his \$100 fine: "When she gets my paycheck, she's going to want to know how come I'm punching somebody when it costs 100! bucks."
- Michigan State Coach Duffy Daugherty: "Football is not a contact sport—it's a collision sport. Dancing is a contact sport."

END

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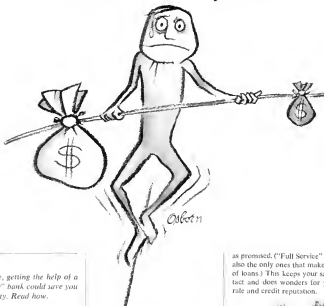
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KOO-FOO THE KILLER

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Led by Sandy Koufax, a mild young man with a lethal left arm, the Dodgers broke up the Yankees in four games. The Yankees were as shocked as their fans. Never before had the proud New Yorkers lost a World Series in this fashion; never had they been reduced to this impotency. In support of brilliant pitching, the Dodgers turned loose their speed at the right moments and hit just enough to win. Against such a team, sharpened by a fierce, competitive National League season, the Yankee attack collapsed. Having again made a farce of the American League pennant race, perhaps the Yankees really do belong in a different league—but it may be a third league, situated in some limbo between the American and the National.

1 GAME

After a separation of seven years and 3,000 miles, the Yankees and the Dodgers were at it again. On a soft October afternoon, 69,000 people descended upon the famous ball park in The Bronx to watch the two old rivals settle the baseball championship of the world. At least that was the acknowledged reason why they were there. In truth, they wanted to know whether Sandy Koufax could really outpitch Whitey Ford.

The expectations were for one of the great pitching duels, and for a golden inning it was all of that. Ford was the same old Ford. In the first inning he struck out two Dodgers and got the third to bounce weakly to short. It was

hard to see how even Sandy Koufax could improve on that. Yet he did. Koufax struck out all three Yankees. The great pitching duel had begun.

In the second inning it came to an abrupt end. With one out, Frank Howard came to bat. Howard is 6 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 255 pounds and worries all the time. When Los Angeles is on the road, Howard will politely excuse himself from the rest of the players and walk the streets alone. Five years ago the Dodgers gave \$108,000 to Frank Howard and strongly suggested to him that he should soon become the best baseball player alive. But Frank Howard is a streaky hitter, to be mistreated with embarrassing regularity by a clever, talented pitcher like Whitey Ford. So Ford threw a fast ball, and Howard lined it 460 feet to left center for the longest double in the 41-year history of Yankee Stadium. The double also brought Bill Skowron to bat.

This has been a bad season for Skowron, who had been a Yankee for nine years. When the Dodgers traded for him they felt sure he would add right-handed

power to their lineup. He did not. Moose hit .203 and knocked in only 19 runs for the Dodgers, and the crowds in Los Angeles began to boo him whenever he was announced as a pinch hitter.

When Dodger Manager Walt Alston decided to start Skowron against Ford in the first game, Skowron was truly touched. "I hope," he said, "I can do something to help this team. It is going to feel funny to me to hit against Ford because we are old friends, but I've got to help my guys. I've failed them this year."

Skowron did not fail the Dodgers on the first Wednesday in October. He singled Howard home, bringing tears to his eyes and Dick Tracewski to bat. Tracewski is the second most famous citizen of Eynon, Pa. The most famous citizen of Eynon is Joe Paparella, who happened to be umpiring behind the plate. Due to an injury to Third

continued

Exultant in victory, Sandy Koufax has just struck out his 15th Yankee batter—dramatically setting a new World Series record.





Baseball Ken McMullen, the Dodgers had to move Jim Gilliam from second to third and put Tracewski at second. Tracewski hit only .266 this year and was used primarily for defensive purposes in the late innings of close games. The Dodger team has a little chant that it sings when defensive help is required: "One-ski, two-ski, use Tracewski." When Tracewski, who spent eight years in the minor leagues, walked to the plate, he got a strange feeling in his stomach. "I couldn't wait for the game to start," he said. "I had a feeling that something was going to happen and the chance to play in a Series would be taken away from me. Walking to the plate, I felt kind of sick and afraid, and Paparella said, 'Duck, aren't you even going to say hello to me?'"

Tracewski looked straight out at Ford and said, "Please Joe, not now. Next time I will, Joe." Tracewski blooped a single to center. John Roseboro, the Dodger catcher, followed with a homer to right, and as Tracewski rounded second he was the funniest sight in the ball park, the only man trotting and applauding at the same time.

Ford stood on the mound with his hands on his hips. No one expects Whitey Ford to give up four runs to anyone in one inning, especially to the Dodgers. Since August 10, in 48 games covering 437 innings, the Dodgers were able to score as many as four runs in one inning only four times, and yet they managed it in the second inning of the first game of the World Series against the best pitcher in the American League.

For almost five innings Koufax was beyond perfection. In order, he struck out Tony Kubek, Bobby Richardson, Tom Tresh, Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris. Elston Howard fouled out to the catcher, then Joe Peptide struck out, too. After Koufax got Clete Boyer on a ground out and Ford on a foul fly to third, he struck out Kubek, Richardson, Tresh and Mantle in order once more.

Trouble came to Koufax with two out in the fifth. He loaded the bases on three singles, then struck out Hector Lopez. In the sixth he walked two batters, but got Mantle and Maris to pop out to the infield. The Yankees finally scored in the

eighth when Tom Tresh hit a two-run homer. But that was all for New York. With his last pitch of the game, Koufax struck out Harry Bright to break Carl Erskine's one-game Series strikeout record of 14. Koufax had struck out every Yankee regular except Clete Boyer at least once, and he struck out all three Yankee pinch hitters. Bobby Richardson fanned three times, and Richardson only struck out 22 times in 630 times at bat during the season.

Only twice in the first game did the Dodgers exhibit their speed. In the third inning Willie Davis, on first, wheeled around to third on a line-drive single to right and, with an excellent slide, beat a near-perfect throw from Roger Maris. This brought Skowron to bat, and Skowron singled through the middle to score Davis with the last Dodger run, making the final score 5-2. In the seventh inning Tommy Davis stole second, easily beating Howard's high, hurried throw. Tommy did not score but, for the Yankees, it should have been an indication of what was to come.

GAME 2

The first batter to face Al Downing in the first inning of the second game was Maury Wills. Wills singled through the box and then, standing on first base, he studied the young Yankee left-hander's motion as Downing threw a strike past Jim Gilliam. On the second pitch Wills took off for second base, a small blurred object in blue and gray. "Once I saw his foot lift up off the ground, I went," said Wills.

Downing is a young pitcher, but hardly a naive one and, like the other 66,000 in Yankee Stadium on Thursday, he knew exactly what to expect. His foot moved not toward the plate but toward first, and he whapped the ball to Joe Peptide. Oops, Wills was trapped. Just a matter of seconds, and the superb Yankee infield would turn poor Maury into the first out of the game. But Maury was gone, really gone, not to be caught hanging there limply in the middle of Al

Downing's clever trap. Wills never once paused in his flight, and the Yankees, without the problem of a rundown, moved into position for the simple tag at second base. Peptide's throw, however, was on the infield side, and the Yankee second baseman, Bobby Richardson, had to lunge across the base to take it (opposite page). Wills, still 15 feet away from the base, dived onto his stomach in a headfirst slide, angling away from the base, away from Richardson at a 45° angle. The quickness of Wills, his challenge, his slide, Peptide's throw, all seemed to arrive at the same moment in time. Richardson's momentum carried him too far. Tony Kubek, coming in from shortstop on a direct line to back up the play, might have taken the throw and made the push-out, but Richardson had the ball and could not reverse himself in time. As he waved frantically at the runner, scrambling into a version of a Cossack dance at second, Wills's arms hugged the base. This is the way the second game began and, for all intents and purposes, the second game was over. Maury Wills, a minister's son, had once again successfully broken the Eighth Commandment.

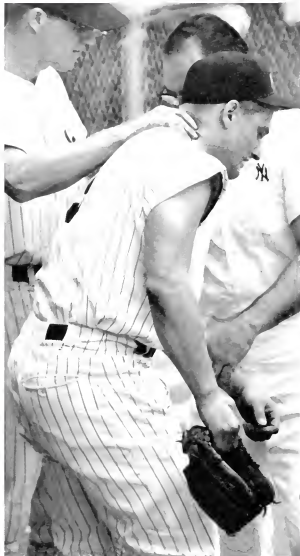
The Yankees were rattled. Downing was straining and the Dodgers were on the attack. Downing threw three straight balls to Gilliam, then put one over the plate. Gilliam singled sharply to the right of Peptide, and Wills held up at third, only bluffing at going home. Roger Maris fired the ball in from right field, but his throw arrived at the plate on the fly. There could be no cutoff, and Gilliam scooted into second base.

With Wills racing up and down the third-base line, Downing was reluctant to use his curve. Willie Davis stood at the plate and in came a fast ball. Out it went, on a hard line to Maris. Wills, it seemed certain, would score after the catch. But Maris had trouble picking up the flight of the ball. He stared in, skidded, tried to turn and go back, then slipped and fell. The ball bounced to the wall in right, and two runs came home. Two quick runs. The hare was ahead of the tortoise—and Johnny Podres made certain that it stayed that way.

Podres, another left-hander, was the man who beat the Yankees twice in 1955, including a 2-0 shutout in the seventh game to give the Dodgers their first world championship. Johnny had quite a bit more trouble last week, but it was

continued

Dodger speed provides crucial moment of second game when Wills flies safely past Richardson (1) and Kubek into second base.



Symbol of Yankee frustration was Roger Maris, hitless in first game, injured in second. Kobek offers sympathy as trainer examines bruised arm.

WORLD SERIES

not until the ninth inning that the Yankees could score. Frank Howard made a sensational catch on a long but rather routine drive by Mantle to end the first inning. Podres struck out two men in a row to end the second, leaving two runners on base. This started Podres on a run of 13 consecutive outs. Even after Tom Tresh singled in the sixth, Willie Davis ran down Mantle's long drive to center. And when Skowron hit a home run in the fourth, a speed drive down the right-field line, like so many he had hit in years gone by, the Dodger lead was up to three runs.

In the meantime, the Yankees lost, at first indefinitely, then quite definitely for the rest of the Series, their No. 2 slugger Maris. With two out in the third inning, Tommy Davis hit one of Downing's pitches into the right-field corner. Trying to field the ball, Maris ran into the wall. Davis wound up on third base with a triple, and Maris was led off the field with a badly bruised arm, never to appear again. His substitute, Hector Lopez, hit two doubles and scored the only Yankee run, but the Yankees could hardly afford to lose even one good man.

Willie Davis was the second batter for the Dodgers in the eighth inning. On September 13, when Willie was getting ready to play against the Phillies in Philadelphia, he received a phone call from Kenny Myers, the scout who had signed him five years ago for \$5,000. "Willie," said Myers, "you are standing up at the plate like a stick. Bend over so you can see the pitch better. You are too great an athlete to be hitting .220." So Davis went to the ball park and copied the stance used by Stan Musial. Since that day, Davis has hit .344.

He pumped a double to right off Ralph Terry and quickly came home on a tremendous triple by his roommate, Tommy Davis, a hit that temporarily raised Tommy's World Series batting average to .625. Podres lasted through the seventh, through the eighth and got one man out in the ninth. Then he tired—and admitted it. So Walter Alston brought in Ron Perranoski from the bullpen. The best relief pitcher in baseball finished off a short Yankee rally and kept the score 4-1.

In the dressing room Tommy Davis shook Willie Davis' hand.

"What do you say, baby?" he asked.

"I say goodby, New York. We won't be back."

GAME

3

Los Angeles was ready for the third game of this World Series, all the way from Disneyland to Pasadena and back downtown to the Follies strip joint at Main and Third, where top billing went to a brunette named Sandi Coficks. The city of Los Angeles, however, did not really believe that the Dodgers could win the third game of the Series. This season Los Angeles had been persuaded that Don Drysdale, with a record of 19-17, was only a fair pitcher, because his record was not as supreme as it was in 1962 when he won 25 games and lost only nine. Silly city.

Once this year, when Drysdale was enveloped by a canopy of criticism from the Los Angeles press, Walter Alton asked to meet the Dodger writer and discuss his best right-hander. "I consider Don Drysdale," Alton said, "to be just as effective a pitcher this year as he was last year. Look at his earned-run average and not at his won-lost record. In a lot of the games that he has lost we have given him nothing to work with. But his earned-run average is lower now than it was last season [2.66 vs. 2.84]."

When Drysdale arrived at Dodger Stadium for the third game he was an 11-10 underdog in the betting but, universally, he was almost odds-on to lose. There were few people in Los Angeles willing to bet on him. He had lost tough games this year, 1-0, 2-1, 3-2, but losing is losing, and Los Angeles has a definite feeling about losing. Before walking down the left-field line to pose for pictures and to talk to reporters, Drysdale was asked two questions:

Q. There are a lot of people who feel that you will lose today. How do you feel?

A. If I lose today, I will lose because I'm not good enough. I feel emotionally and physically as good as I've felt all year.

Q. Do you feel that you can possibly pitch as well as Koufax and Podres pitched in the first two games?

A. Look, Sandy and Johnny pitched great ball games. What do you want me to say, that I'm going to do the impossible? What they have done is set a hell of a high level. I'd like to reach that level in this Series. I'd like to do as well, but they have set up an incentive thing, and I don't want to consciously try to knock up against it. Sure, I want to do better than they did. They themselves would like to do better if they get to go again. Today it's me and the Dodgers against the Yankees. This is my game to pitch. I've got to pitch it.

In two hours and five minutes Don Drysdale pitched the best pitched game of this superbly pitched Series. The Dodgers gave him one cheap, lucky, idiotic, precious run, and he defended it. The run came when Jim Bouton, the Yankees' young, 21-game-winning right-hander, walked Jim Gilliam with one out in the first inning, wild-pitched him to second and watched Gilliam score on a freak single by Tommy Davis.

Davis blasted a ground ball to Bouton's left and, as Bouton reached down to get it, the ball skipped off the left side of the pitching rubber toward Bobby Richardson at second base. Richardson partially lost sight of the ball against the white shirts of the stadium crowd. He moved toward it at the last second at an angle, and it bounced against his left shin, ricocheting into right field. "If the breaks are our way," Richardson said, "the ball bounces toward shortstop and stays in the infield, and the run doesn't score. The break went against us, and they got the run."

In the second inning Drysdale struck out Bouton with the bases loaded to end a Yankee threat. In the third he caught Mickey Mantle looking at a pitch that may have been a spitball. In the sixth, with the possible tying run on third and Mantle again at bat, Frank Crosetti, the Yankee third-base coach, caused a scene. He said, of all things, that Drysdale was throwing a spitball. Crosetti ran down the third base line and pointed at Drysdale. Plate Umpire Larry Napp told Drysdale to wipe off his fingers after bringing them to his mouth. Drysdale said, of course. Two pitches later he threw a pitch to Mantle that dipped down for a third strike. Mantle looked at it. John Roseboro, the Dodger catcher, said it was a fast ball inside. He did not even smile when he said it.

In the ninth inning Joe Pepitone end-

ed the game with a high drive to right field that looked like a home run. Ron Fairly, the Dodger right fielder, backed to the fence and nervously watched the ball. "At first," he said, "I didn't think it would go too far. Then it got up and carried pretty good, and I thought it would go out of the park. At the last minute it hung, and I moved in a couple of steps to get it."

The Dodger dressing room was not overly exultant. Ron Perranoski, a relief pitcher on relief, said, "Don pitched a big game." Not far from Perranoski stood Sandy Koufax, trying not to take any of the attention from Drysdale. "Koo-foo goes tomorrow," Perranoski said. "If he's right, I won't get in. I may not pitch again this year. I gotta get some action. I'm gonna go home and throw the ball against the stairs."

The Yankees had managed to lose the first three games, and their scores had become progressively worse—two runs the first game, one run the second game, no runs the third. Since June Yankee officials have been calling this "the greatest team in modern times." But this great team had managed to stay behind in 26 of the 27 innings. What on earth was going on here?

GAME

4

Early in the morning of the day of the fourth game of the Series a man stood at the corner of Wilshire Boulevard and Figueroa Street in Los Angeles. Had a glass of Scotch and water in his right hand. Said the weather looked dandy. Wore a blue Dodger cap with bright white rabbit ears stretching skyward. Kept tuning up a transistor radio in his suit coat pocket. As each car came to the corner he raised his glass and offered one piece of advice: "Relax with Koufax."

Despite a two-hit pitching performance by Whitey Ford, it turned out that he was right. Only no one ever completely relaxed until the final out. Even with Whitey Ford on your side, the idea of Sandy Koufax on a pitching mound is a

continued

hideous thing for any opponent to contemplate. If Koufax gets a run he will protect it. Once he gets ahead, the opponent not only has to fight Koufax but also the idea that one run begins to look like 19. The best thing to do is hope that an error will push him into trouble and that you may then somehow get one or two hits behind it.

For three innings Koufax was excellent. No errors, no hits. Not as good, of course, as he was in the first game, but no one may ever be as good as Sandy Koufax was in the first four innings of Wednesday, October 2, 1963. In the top of the fourth inning on Sunday, October 6, however, Koufax was shoved into a jam. With the score 0-0 and the Dodger attack melting before Whitey Ford's ankle-high pitches, Maury Wills, Dick Tracewski and Willie Davis ran under a fly ball hit by Bobby Richardson to short center field. Each assumed that another would catch it. None did. The ball dropped, and Richardson stood at second base with the first Yankee hit.

Koufax got himself out of the jam with a foul pop and a ground ball, but through the vastness of Dodger Stadium there trickled a sense of doom. Koufax had been hit; the Dodgers had bungled. Worst of all, the Los Angeles attack seemed all but immobilized by a renewed and vital Whitey Ford.

Could anybody really hit Ford? Could anybody give Koufax the one or two runs he needed to win? The answer came in the fifth. Ford threw a slow curve, almost contemptuously, to that improbable Dodger emascence, Frank Howard. Howard hit it 450 feet into the second tier in left field. Never before had a ball been hit into that tier. Never again will a run be needed quite as much.

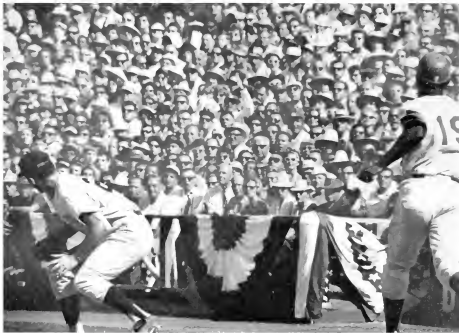
The run did not hold up. Mickey Mantle came to bat in the seventh inning with one out. Mantle had suffered through a frustrating Series. He had hit two possible home runs in New York in the second game, but each fell short of the distant wall, nothing more than long outs. His lone hit in 13 at bats was a fluke

hunt that sailed into the outfield in the third game. This time, however, on Koufax's first pitch, Mantle hit a home run. As he trotted across the plate the entire Yankee bench rose to greet him. For the first time in 34 innings the Yankees had come from behind to gain a tie.

That tie lasted for only two more outs. In the bottom of the seventh Jim Gilliam hit a hard, high bouncing ball toward third base. It seemed about to soar over Clete Boyer's head when the Yankee magician stretched his body like a jumping jack released from his box and got it. His throw to Peppone was perfect, but Peppone lost the flight of the ball in the white-shirted crowd. It bounced off the first baseman's wrist, his forearm, his chest and finally bounced off the fence, 70 feet away. By the time Peppone got to the ball, Gilliam was on third base and Willie Davis was at bat.

"I knew when I went up there," said Davis later, "that I would hit the ball. I was going to swing right away if Ford came anywhere around the plate." Ford's

Winning run was set up when Yankee Joe Peppone lost ball against bright-shirt-sleeved crowd, allowing Gilliam to go all the way to third base.



first pitch came in, and Davis hit it to Mantle in right center. Despite Mantle's fine throw home, Gilliam scored standing up. In frustration, Elston Howard took the ball and fired it to Boyer, who was standing on third base. Boyer looked at Umpire Larry Napp, begging for Napp to say that Gilliam had tagged up and started home before the catch. Napp split his hands in a short safe sign and shook his head.

The Yankees got the tying run on base in the eighth inning and the possible winning run on in the ninth, but Koufax managed to turn them away. Sandy Koufax, for the second time in five days, had beaten Whitey Ford. He did it on six hits, a wing (his left one) and a prayer—and Joe Pepitone's error. Whitey Ford had allowed only two hits, but the name of the game is runs. Koufax' reward and that of the Dodgers was the biggest that baseball can offer: a world championship.

In the Dodger dressing room everyone wanted Koufax—radio, television, photographers, the press. Tommy Davis stood with tears in his eyes deep inside his dressing cubicle. This year he had led the National League in batting with a .326 average, and in the Series he had hit .400, the highest any Dodger has ever hit. Finally Koufax walked away from his pursuers and into Davis' cubicle. He threw his arms around Tommy, and Davis blurted out: "Sandy, you are the greatest pitcher that ever lived!"

Walter Alston, the manager, sat in his office, patiently refusing to say something derogatory about the Yankees. Alston was asked what he was going to do. Would he go out on the town? What did he think of his team's chances next year? "The thing I'm thinking about right now," he said, "is packing my bags and going back to Dartmouth, Ohio. I'm going to drive back slowly, and when I get there I'm going to take my 10-year-old grandson out squirrel hunting. His name is Robin Dean Ogle. Robin for Roberts, Dean for Dizzy. He's a switch-hitting first baseman. When we get out hunting I guess I'll sit with him on an old log and watch the leaves fall."

The Yankees had played good baseball, but the Dodger pitching was just too much for them. The Yankees were good but not good enough. They had been the victims of the best pitching anyone had seen in a World Series in a long, long time.

END

ANALYSIS BY AN EXPERT

Fred Hutchinson, manager of Cincinnati's 1981 champions, tells Robert Creamer how the Dodgers won the World Series.



Some people said the Yankees looked flat that they had no life, that they seemed to be in a slump. Well, the Dodgers may have caught the Yankees when they were down, but you can't say they were in a slump. When pitchers like Koufax and Drysdale and Podres and Ferraro are in form you don't hit them. They can shut you out three days in a row. Great pitching smothering hitting, and great pitching is what made the Yankees look flat. How many strikeouts were there? Koufax had 15 and then eight, there were five in the Podres game, Drysdale had nine—that's 37 in four games, more than nine a game. That's a lot of strikeouts, and strikeouts make a team look flat. No one moves up a base when a man strikes out. No one is running. Nobody scores. Nobody has to make a good fielding play. You look dead.

But it wasn't a dead Series. Losing four straight is pretty rough, but the Yankees didn't seem to be upset by the first game. Losing to a pitcher like Koufax doesn't shellshock a team. But the second game probably got them a little. In a short Series, when you lose the first two games, you get a little overanxious. You feel, damn! we got to do something.

Two bad breaks cost the Yankees the second and third games. One was when Mats fell down on that hit by Willie Davis, and the other was the ground ball Tommy Davis batted off Bobby Richardson's shin. That gave the Dodgers runs in the first inning. That puts you in a hole right away. Against that pitching you don't figure to score much. One run is a lot, two runs looks like a mountain.

And they had that bad break in the last game, too, when Pepitone dropped Boyer's throw but, even so, the pitching was far more important than the breaks. Look at it. There were breaks both ways. In the second game Podres tried to pick Tresh off first, and threw the ball away. I didn't understand why. With the Yankees behind 3-0 he wasn't going anywhere, not with Mantle up. But Podres got away with it when Mantle hit that long fly to left that Davis

caught out near the bullpen. John used that big outfield.

In Drysdale's game two or three things happened that could have cost the Dodgers. Tracewski getting hung up off second was one. Richardson made a great play on Drysdale's grounder, and Roseboro held third to see if the ball was going through. Tracewski was eager to move to third, but he is supposed to watch that from-runner. He took them out of a rally.

In the same game in the eighth inning I was surprised when Gilliam tried to steal third and was thrown out. Now the Dodgers play a running game, and Alston gives Willie and Gilliam the green light to run anytime they want—but they'd already given up an out to get Gilliam to second, when Willie Davis sacrificed. Now you have him on second with your No. 4 and 5 hitters up. Why take a chance on stealing? The point I'm making is that the breaks were both ways, but the Dodger pitching was so strong that it overcame the breaks that were against them.

As a National League man I was rooting for the Dodgers. But I didn't think the Yankees were disgraced. They were in every game. It was a good Series to watch—better than 1950, for instance, when so many of the games were one-sided. It was more like 1961, when the Yankees beat us four games to one. In '61 the games were close all the way, except the last one, but we couldn't seem to win them. I went in to see Ralph Houk in the clubhouse after Drysdale shut them out, and when he saw me he grinned and said, "Hey, Hutch, stick around. I want to talk to you about that '61 Series." He knew I knew how he felt,

BIG DAY FOR CLARKHUNTERS AT

by KENNETH RUDEEN

One of the changeless facts of sport is that champions, no matter how lovable they may seem to their mothers, wives and public, are the choicest of fair game to their fellow craftsmen. Give Mickey Mantle one wish and it would be to strike Sandy Koufax' best pitch so shrewdly that the ball would part his

wavy hair on the way out of the park. Give one to a Grand Prix racing driver and it would be to drive Jimmy Clark, in a nice, motorized way, right off the course.

Last week, perhaps the best-armed band of Clarkhunters ever to take on the new world champion (SI, Oct. 7) beset him at Watkins Glen, N.Y. in the U.S.



THE GLEN

Grand Prix—and they got him. They got Clark because, by a ghastly stroke of bad luck, his racer would not start when everyone else's did. By the time Clark finally got going, he was an impossible lap and a half behind. By the end of the race, he was only a lap back of the winner, Britain's Graham Hill, who has suf-

fered his own tribulations since winning the world drivers' title last year. Clark raced the fastest lap and, for a substantial part of the 253 miles, he was the quickest driver. But it was a happy, vindicated Graham Hill who drank the victory champagne.

As played by these sharp-toothed and heavy-footed men, the Grand Prix game consists of two days coffee-housing and one day racing. The Glen, a hamlet in New York's midstate Finger Lakes region, is a sort of shrine. It is the place where the American postwar road-racing revival began, and its racecourse, in rough, scenic country, is 2.3 miles of tight, tricky, rather bumpy motoring.

Last Friday, as the game began amid the scarlets and golds of The Glen's autumnal foliage, Clark was running scared. He had already put the 1963 championship out of his opponents' reach. His great natural talents—a rare, instinctive affinity for taking fast corners at the limit of tire adhesion and competitive, crash-proof courage—were intact. Yet he drove his fierce grass-green Lotus-Climax racer through trials as if he had it all to prove for the first time. There were two reasons for his haste: his pride, and the fact that the elite among his friendly enemies were taking the trials apart.

Plainspoken Reg Parnell, manager of Britain's Lola racing team, poked a finger toward a cherry-red Ferrari from Italy and said, "The winner might be right there." It was the racer of his countryman Johnny Surtees, former world champion motorcycle rider and winner of this year's Gorman Grand Prix. "Surtees will make the rest hurry and no mistake," he said. "He is completely dedicated to racing, and he will be the world champion one day. Count on it." Surtees could have won Sunday, but on the 82nd of 110 laps he had engine trouble and was forced out of the race while running first.

In truth, there probably was more

talent in the field of drivers, pound for pound, than any before. It included no fewer than four champions past and present: Clark, Hill (1962), America's Phil Hill (1961) and Australia's Jack Brabham (1959, 1960).

The cars were as formidable. For the first time this year, the majority of the first-rate ones were reasonably healthy. It had been a season of awful attrition. "This," said Rob Walker of Scotland, patron of a private team (Joakim Bonnier driving a Cooper-Climax), "was the year of engine unreliability." Gremlins got into Britain's Coventry-Climax and BRM V-8s and, with a nice impartiality, into Italy's Ferrari and ATS units as well. Clark, fortunately for his championship run, was spared—until The Glen—but he deserved such luck after his many mechanical breakdowns of the past. In Germany, minus one of eight cylinders, he gave Surtees a whale of a struggle, capturing second place.

At The Glen the BRMs of Graham Hill and America's Richie Ginther were so strangely fast in practice that Team Manager Tony Rudd sniffed about for rats. Followers of racing will recall that Hill won last year's championship on BRM reliability. This season the BRMs have reverted to the kind of fragility for which they were notorious. "I don't think there is any doubt," Rudd said, "that the Lotus was fastest last year. But it was unreliable. Now the Lotus is reliable, and that's torn it. We are going very quickly here, but I can't bring myself to believe that means we have actually caught up with the Lotuses. I suspect that the Lotuses haven't been working properly."

When they were not talking speed, The Glen's dedicated types discussed hardware and styles in chassis. You are out of it around the racecourses these days if you cannot speak knowledgeably about monocoque and space-frame chassis. This is because Colin Chapman has a monocoque that works, and all other builders are going to feel underprivileged until they possess one, too.

continued

PETER GUSTER

The British winner, Graham Hill, takes his BRM into a corner at Watkins Glen.

Monocoque is a highfalutin word for single-unit and, as translated by Chapman, it means a chassis-frame made of super-light metal boxes. To oversimplify, the Lotus resembles a banana that has been halved lengthwise, with the pieces spread apart. The driver sits, roughly, amidships, with his legs between the forward elements, which also serve as fuel tanks. The engine is aft. This design produces a car lighter, smaller and stiffer, more resistant to flexing, than the older space-frame racers, and since these are all extremely desirable qualities in racing cars, everybody wants a monocoque. The hitch is that monocoques are tricky and expensive to perfect, while anyone, it seems, can build a pretty good space-frame car, the main feature of which is a three-dimensional frame of small-diameter tubing.

BRM has a monocoque that has not yet been debugged. Ferrari has a very promising one. Unfortunately, Surtees, after lapping superbly in it, limped in Saturday with something broken in the suspension and had to switch to an older space frame. Friends prayed that the new car would be repaired by race time, although Surtees looked menacing enough in his space-frame vehicle.

"We have spent a lot of time experimenting with the monocoque," said BRM's Rudd, mournfully, "and in the meantime haven't been able to do justice to the other ones. So here we are with last year's cars."

But, oh, how they flew. On Friday Graham Hill, whose luxuriant guardman's mustache endears him to Anglophiles, lowered the Glen's lap record from 1:15 to 1:13.4 and in all the remaining practice time no one else, not even Jim Clark, did as well. Officially, that is. Clark was credited with 1:13.5, but watches held by his own primen caught him in slightly better time than that given Hill.

Surtees' red streak earned a 1:13.7—the more welcome since the enduringly glamorous Ferrari had been absent from the two previous U.S. championship races. Ginther's BRM did 1:14 flat. Jack Brabham and Dan Gurney, driving Brabham's own cars, completed the ring of potential Clark-busters by lapping in 1:14.2 and 1:14.5 respectively.

If the less well-mounted 15 drivers posed no real threat, they at least promised lively scrapping among themselves for lesser positions. Among them were

Phil Hill, still struggling, as he has been all year, to get the ATS going, and Rodger Ward, the former Indianapolis "500" champion, who likes to take an occasional flyer in road racing.

Thus, confident of a fine fast fight, 58,000 persons, the largest crowd in Watkins Glen's history, gathered Sunday afternoon, many of them drawn there by Clark. Their confidence was abruptly shaken at Clark's failure to start. The cars were lined up two by two. Engines came alive. All but Clark's. A high-pressure fuel pump was not functioning and, as Clark called heavily on the battery, not only did the car not start but the battery went dead. The car was given a push start, but that is not legal for a race start, and the engine soon had to be shut off.

Had the battery been revived? The thousands who could see these frantic gymnastics devoutly hoped so, but seconds before the green starting flag was to fall, the Lotus, sickeningly, had to be pushed aside and a new battery installed.

By the time we, woeful Jimmy got away, Graham Hill in the car that had seemed so suspiciously fast to Rudd was far ahead, and the other elite drivers were pushing him as rudely as they had wanted to molest Clark.

A bright, clustered race

There followed, for many laps, as beautiful a race as one could want. Bunched at first like a cluster of bright, tiny waterbugs were Hill, his teammate Ginther, Surtees in the space-frame Ferrari and then the Brabhams of Gurney and Bunder Jack.

Graham Hill led precariously for six laps as Surtees and Gurney made big moves behind him. Then, as they completed the seventh lap, Surtees in his red racer had the barest advantage over Hill's green car and Gurney, acting like the jungle animal he is reputed to be, was snarling close behind Hill.

If only Clark had been among them . . . but say this for the little Scot: he drove as if he were, picking off struggles with unbelievable rapidity.

Until the 18th lap, Gurney stayed with the top three. Then fuel starvation on the straights put him back a bit, and his fight was ended after 43 laps when his car's front suspension broke.

Meanwhile, Hill hounded Surtees and, on the 32nd lap, rousing led him past the pits. He had already nudged ahead

four or five times on the back part of the course—"A bit dicey, that was"—only to be quickly repassed. But suddenly, in the midst of the excitement, Hill's rear sway bar began to come adrift. It broke. The BRM's handling went just sour enough to take the closeness out of the duel. Surtees pulled nicely ahead. Hill's chances of winning seemed lost.

But—ah, the scythe of attrition was still swinging. It butchered—Surtees. Just when he looked untouchable, his engine expired. Surtees came into the pits, swallowed some soda, received a consoling look from his gorgeous brunet wife, who had kept vigil on the pit counter with stopwatch in hand, and reported that probably he had burned a piston.

It gives one the willies when the five or six original hotspots in a race have been reduced to one or two. Could the general epidemic remove Hill? Many other cars were already out. Only eight of the 21 starters were to finish and, of those, several were clattering invalids.

Rumpled Tony Rudd stood worriedly in the BRM pit with huge stopwatches in both hands. Toward the end his cars were nothing less than first and second, Ginther trailing Hill by half a minute.

The scythe spared the BRMs. Hill took the checkered flag first, having averaged 109.91 mph, a record, and Ginther next—and then, as St. Andrew himself would not deny, it was Jim Clark third. Clark has often said that some of his best races are those in which he has had to try to overcome a staggering misfortune, and this was one to remember.

But how pleasant for Graham Hill, and how popular a victory. He won the world championship last year—and everyone said, "Oh, well, Jimmy was faster. He just had bad luck." But let no one believe that Hill was not then, and is not now, a brilliant and brilliantly tenacious racing driver. Everything has been hard for him. Not a natural talent like Clark, he has fought to perfect a winning style, starting out by actually paying for lessons in race driving.

He is also cool and articulate in any company. After sloshing some New York State champagne from a big silver trophy, he conceded that Surtees was "that shade quicker" when both cars were healthy. "I appeared to be a bit down on the speed I was able to manage in practice. But needless to say, I thoroughly enjoyed the day."

END

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The illustration depicts a man and a woman in a romantic embrace. The man, with dark hair, is holding a lit cigarette. The woman, with blonde hair, is looking at him with a smile. In the background, there is a large, full moon and a branch with leaves. On the left side of the illustration is a pack of Montclair cigarettes. The pack is dark blue with a gold-colored logo of a running horse. The text on the pack includes 'Montclair', 'MODERN CIGARETTES', and 'Menthol Filter'. Above the pack, the text reads: 'The menthol's in the filter—not in the tobacco!'. At the bottom of the illustration, there is a block of text: 'IMPORTANT: MONTCLAIR gives you a unique development in Compound Filters created by The American Tobacco Company. Product of The American Tobacco Company. "Schaefer is our middle name" © A.T. Co.'

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A HAPPY FRIEND of falling dictators, rising rebels and every athlete south of Key West, Canel regales Minnesota's Zola Versalles at El Rancho Grande Restaurant in New York.

'EL AS' IS THE VOICE OF AMERICA

Or at least the voice of Latin America, where millions listened this week to Buck Canel, a swashbuckling New Yorker, as he broadcast his 27th World Series in Spanish

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Eli B. Canel, a cheerful, beefy, sixty-ish resident of Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y., leads a double life. At home in northern Westchester County or at work in Manhattan, he is largely unnoticed and unsung. He is, to all outward appearances, merely one of the thousands of faceless commuters who throng in and out of Grand Central Terminal.

But to millions upon millions of Latin Americans, Eli B. Canel, better known as Buck Canel, is one of the great figures of the age. In Spanish Harlem in New York, billboard posters featuring Canel exhort passersby to "*pule Schaefer*," ask for Schaefer, a brand of beer. Should Canel get a cab with a Cuban or Puerto Rican driver, the ride is on the house. Whenever any Latin baseball player or boxer sees Canel, he will throw his arms about him in warm embrace. "He oes tops," says José Pagan, the Giants' shortstop. "In Puerto Rico leste kids make believe they are Buck Canel." Buck Canel was the best man at Luis Aparicio's wedding. Canel introduced Manolete to Joe Louis. Canel, so a former U.S. Ambassador to Brazil once remarked when presenting him to John Foster Dulles, is "the best-known American in Latin America."

Canel is celebrated and venerated in Latin America for any number of reasons. He is a sort of one-man band of journalism and broadcasting. For almost 30 years now, he has been doing short-wave broadcasts in Spanish from the U.S. of *La Serie Mundial* (the World Series), *El Juego de Estrellas* (the All-Star Game), championship matches of *el box* and other sporting events. This month's Series between *los Yankees de Nueva York* and *los Esquadreros de Los Angeles* was Canel's 27th, a record for a broadcaster, and *fonticos de beisbol* could be depended upon to hang on every word, especially when Canel exclaims, "*No se vayan, que esto se pone bueno*!" Which means, "Don't go away, this is going to get good!" Throughout Latin America the saying is famous—politicians have been known to shout it

continued



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*Cetylpyridinium
chloride



ELAS continued

at restive mobs—and Canel is hailed, to the amusement of his U.S. friends, as "el as de los locutores deportivos," the ace of sports broadcasters.

In addition to his status as *elas*, Canel is also noted for being a follow-me-if-you-dare journalist. He works in the New York bureau of Agence France-Presse, the worldwide French wire service. He is their Latin American news editor, and whenever a big story breaks south of the border he is off with typewriter and trench coat. So far, Canel has covered half a dozen revolutions and emerged unscratched. Being *el as*, he is immune to bullets and bombs.

A couple of years ago, for example, when the Trujillo regime was overthrown in the Dominican Republic, Canel and a swarm of other correspondents entered the capital city of Santo Domingo in a caravan of cars. When the first car appeared, a mob formed and began throwing rocks and shouting at the imperialists to go home. Canel, who was in the middle of the caravan, had thoughtfully written his name on the side of his car. When he drove by, the members of the mob dropped their rocks and applauded wildly. When he had passed, the mob resumed stoning the caravan. A short while later, as if to demonstrate his hold over the public, Canel left his hotel for the cable office with copy. At once, street firing ceased, and a crowd fell into line behind Canel chanting, "Buck Canel para presidente!" Asked recently what would have happened had he accepted the offer, Canel said, "I don't think they would have made me president—but I do think I could have led one helluva parade."

Even the high and the mighty are entranced by Canel. When Juan Peron heard that Canel was in Buenos Aires to cover the Pan American Games, he promptly invited him to his country estate, where he insisted that they spar with one another in the presidential gym. Later on, Evita presented Canel with a lovingly inscribed copy of her autobiography. "Peron was in pretty good shape," Canel says. "He was a sport. The last time I saw him he was in exile. He had some dame and a French poodle with him, and all he wanted to do was talk about boxing."

Until Fidel Castro became annoyed by stories dealing with Communism in Cuba, he was a great admirer of Canel. He listened to him regularly while holed

up in the Sierra Maestra. The day Fidel took over, Canel and some British newsmen in Havana hired a car and drove 50 miles to find him as he advanced at the head of his army. They met up with Fidel in Matanzas at a wild celebration in the city hall, and when Castro saw Canel he rushed over, gave him a huge hug and babbled away in Spanish. "What's he saying?" the British reporters asked excitedly. "He wants to know," said Canel, "why Haney pitched Spahn instead of Burdette in the sixth game."

Canel learned his Spanish while growing up on New York's Staten Island. His father, an export-import man, had come to this country from Asturias in Spain. Canel's mother was American of Scotch-Irish extraction. They raised seven children, of whom Buck is the eldest. The nickname Buck comes from his middle name, Buxo. In high school Canel was a fair athlete, and in his spare time he worked as a correspondent for the *Staten Island Advance*. He always felt a pull toward writing. His paternal grandmother, Eva Canel, who lived with the family from time to time, was a well-known playwright and novelist who had left Spain to go to South America and lecture against divorce. For these efforts, she was decorated by the Roman Catholic Church.

During Canel's senior year in high school his father died, and upon graduation he went to live with his grandmother, then in Cuba. He worked briefly for a sugar company, and on the side he managed a winter league baseball team that had as one of its members Oscar Charleston, the great American Negro outfielder. "We beat everyone in sight," Canel says. In 1931 Canel went to work for the Associated Press in Havana. There he met his wife, the former Colleen Park, a Texas girl who was society editor for the English language *Havana Post*.

Canel had a wide circle of friends and acquaintances in Cuba, including an obscure stenographic sergeant in army general staff headquarters, Fulgencio Batista. The members of the general staff could not be bothered with coming to the office every day, so they would check in by telephone with Batista to find out what was going on in the army. It soon dawned upon the sergeant that he, in a manner of speaking, was really running the army, and that he did not need any advice by telephone. With the help of some other disgruntled noncommissioned officers, he overthrew the general staff

continued



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EL 48 continued

and eventually made himself president.

On the day of the coup, Canel scored a notable scoop when Batista and his followers surrounded the Hotel Nacional, where some of the general staff officers were living it up. The officers harricaded themselves in the hotel and shot it out with Batista's men. During a brief truce, Canel slipped inside the hotel where, his wife reports, "he spent all his time riding up and down in the elevator getting interviews."

When Batista became president, he went on the radio to deliver a *proclamación* to the Cuban people. After he finished, he turned to Canel—who was in the studio, and said, "Here, Buck. Do my speech in English. They're probably listening in Florida." This was Canel's introduction to broadcasting.

After four years with the AP in Havana, Canel returned to New York. There, with the help of a couple of influential admirers—Drew Pearson, the columnist, and Sumner Welles, the former Ambassador to Cuba—he got a job with Havas, as Agence France-Presse was called before the war. In 1936 Canel learned that the National Broadcasting Company was planning to start shortwave broadcasts to Latin America in Spanish. With permission from Havas, he applied for a job as a broadcaster and was accepted. One of his first assignments was the Yankee-Giant World Series. Thus Canel got his two careers, one with the French wire service, the other as a broadcaster. It has worked out very well for all concerned. When Canel finishes broadcasting a ball game or a fight over shortwave for Gillette, his sponsor since 1959, he then writes two different stories for the wire service, one in Spanish for Latin American clients, another in English for newspapers in the Far East. Neither story is a translation of the other. "I have two different personalities," Canel explains, "one Spanish, the other English. If Hector Lopez gets a hit, I lead with that in Spanish. In English, I write that Whitey Ford pitched a shutout for the Yankees."

In his early days at NBC, Canel did a bit of everything. For years he was Franklin D. Roosevelt in Spanish, and once he was even Churchill. Most of the time, however, Canel did sports. He broadcast the University of Havana-Long Island University basketball game from Madison Square Garden (surprisingly, Havana won), and he did the only

Army-Navy football game ever done in Spanish. On one occasion he even broadcast the military funeral of a Chilean horse named Chilena that had been killed during a practice jump for the National Horse Show. In appropriately somber tones, Canel described the sad scene at Fort Wadsworth on Staten Island, where officers of the Chilean army, resplendent in grape-colored capes and black boots, stood at attention while the horse, covered with roses and wrapped in the Chilean flag, was lowered into the ground. (While covering the World Soccer Championships in Chile last year, Canel was invited to dinner by Chilena's owner, Eduardo Yañez, then a captain, now a retired lieutenant general and former minister of war. After brandy and cigars were passed, the general ceremoniously played a recording of Canel's funeral oration. "If gathered," says Canel, flattered, "that he had played the record a number of times.")

When France fell, Canel left Havas. He did not return to the wire service until 1950. During the war he worked for NBC, mostly under the direction of the Office of War Information. He resigned in 1947, and for the next three years devoted himself solely to broadcasting. For two years, he lived a good part of the time in Puerto Rico, where he ran a radio station and did the winter-league games. He also did games in Venezuela, and in 1948 he went to Nicaragua to broadcast the Amateur World Series in Managua. The highlight of the series occurred when General Tacho Somoza, the dictator of Nicaragua, was enraged by his country's failure to win a game. The general not only fired the manager, but locked him up in jail and took over the running of the team himself. "Somoza," Canel says, "was the only manager I ever saw in a dugout wearing a four-star general's hat. What is more, he didn't win a game either."

Returning to the States, Canel did the Brooklyn Dodgers in Spanish over a local station for a season, and then he later broadcast the Chicago White Sox games to Latin America. At the time, the White Sox—*Los Medias Blancas*—were a big attraction because of the presence of Minnie Minoso and Chico Carrasquel on the Go-Go-Go team. One listener wrote to ask Canel if it were true that Shortstop Carrasquel and Third Baseman George Kell were brothers.

As a sports broadcaster, Canel has great appeal to Latins. He has a rich bass voice that combines authority and

continued

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virility, a combination that they find irresistible. "I tell 'em something, they believe it," Canel says. Even so, there are problems. Canel, for instance, cannot do a baseball game using the Spanish words for catch or throw. In some countries these words have a rather risqué connotation. As a result, the players, as reported by Canel, are forever grabbing or snagging the ball when not tossing, hurling or flinging it. It would be scandalous to translate the catcher literally as catcher. Canel solves this problem by calling him *el catcher*. "That's all right," he says. "Half of the baseball lingo in Spanish I invented anyway." By the same token, the names of some U.S. players are off color when given a Spanish pronunciation. Such is the case with Don Blasingame. His first name is a title of respect in Spanish, the first syllable of his last name is a proper name and the last syllables form an imperative that would make Fidel Castro blush. Thus he is always referred to briefly and simply as Bla.

In Spanish a foul is an *foul*, a walk *una base por bolas*, a bunt *un toque* (literally "a touch"), first base *la primera base*, second base *la segunda base*, third base *la tercera base* and a home run *un jonron*. The names of teams are literally translated. The Athletics are *los Atlánticos* and the Cardinals *los Cardinales*. (In the last All-Star Game, the National League had Cardinals at first, second and short and Ron Santo of the Cubs at third. Canel told his listeners that the American League did not have a chance, what with the National League having three cardinals and a saint in the infield. "They cut up stuff like that," he says.) One team, however, does have a special name in Latin America, and that is the Cincinnati Reds. Since the Reds were the first major league club to use Cuban players, the team is known as *el querido Cincin*, the beloved Cincy. In 1961 it was Canel's sad duty to report every unfortunate move as the beloved Cincy was soundly trounced by *los Yankees*, four games to one, in *La Serie Mundial*.

Names are a perpetual problem with Canel. Some Latin players are known by one name in their home countries and another name here. The real name of the three Alou brothers, for example, is Rojas. Apparently the Giant front office was confused by the Spanish practice of placing a man's family name in the middle and his mother's maiden name last.

(continued)

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St. Louis Cardinals
Washington Redskins

American League
Boston Patriots
Buffalo Bills
Denver Broncos
New York Jets
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Now, however, the Rojas brothers have become so publicized as the Alous with *los Gigantes* that Canel refers to them as Rojas-Alou. It was the same case with Luis Olmo, whose family name is Rodriguez. But this did not matter so much, because Rodriguez, or Olmo, was invariably called by his nickname, *El Jibao*. Puerto Rican slang for back. Similarly, Ruben Gomez is known as *El Loro Divino*, the divine crazy one, and Orlando Cepeda is *Perrichin*, the diminutive of Peruchio, which is his father's nickname.

Besides the Series, the All-Star Game and important fights, Canel has two local programs in New York. Once a week he does a sports show, *El Panorama Deportivo Schaefer*, and he does the television commentary for winter-league games of the week from Puerto Rico. The games are videotaped the day before and flown to New York, where Canel broadcasts two minutes of play-by-play in Spanish and one in English. "Last year we had a higher rating than the Mets," he notes with some pride.

In his off hours, Canel loafs around his home in Croton, reading Sherlock Holmes or playing chess—for two years, he did a radio program with Capablanca, the great Cuban master. In New York he usually lunches at El Rancho Grande, a Latin American restaurant on West 44th Street. There he reminisces with Patsy Alvarez, the proprietor, who once boxed as The Patent Leather Kid. They talk about such characters as Vicente Six Cylinders, a fighter, and Martin Dihago, a Cuban ballplayer who, Canel says, was one of the greatest he ever saw. El Rancho is a gathering place for Spanish-speaking ballplayers and boxers, and during lunch Canel is likely to cut up touches with Al Lopez, whose father also came from Asturias, Juan Marchal, Camilo Pascual, Zoilo Versalles, the Rojas-Alous or anyone else who happens to be in town.

What with his crushing schedule, Canel is at last unable to take on any more jobs. A couple of weeks ago Tachito Somoza, the son of the old general and the current boss of Nicaragua, made Canel an attractive offer to come down to broadcast ball games this winter. Canel decided that he was too busy to accept, but he likes to tell friends that Gillette made him turn it down. The name of the man fronting as president of Nicaragua is Schiek.

END



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SEE HOW THEY RUN

Take a group of men, give them a goal—any goal—to aim for, and each will have a different idea of how to get there. And so it is with

pro football running backs: each has his own technique for gaining yardage. There are some, like Green Bay's Jim Taylor, who can simply climb over tacklers. Others, like Cleveland's Jimmy Brown, depend as much on wits as on brawn. But no matter how it is done, the exquisite skills employed give each of the game's best ground gainers a style as distinctive as his signature. Regrettably, the nuances of a man's technique are often lost in the frenzy of his run. On the following pages Artist Robert Handville has halted some of pro football's most exciting runners at climactic moments, moments when their special qualities are best revealed.

JON ARNETT

A former 49er defensive end, Charlie Powell, says: "Tackling Arnett is like wrestling with a bag of flour open at the top. He just spills out all over. And you're left holding the bag." With the balance and agility of an acrobat, Arnett stops and goes, leaning his body one way and running the other. The illusion he thus creates—no plan, no hurry—often leaves tacklers wondering where Arnett went



CONTINUED



BOBBY MITCHELL

"I have a repeating nightmare," says New York Giant Defensive End Andy Robustelli. "I'm all alone in the open field with Bobby Mitchell. He's coming at me top speed, and when he's right on me he doesn't slow up, he just goes faster. He gives me four fakes, and he's gone." Washington's Mitchell is unique; he is one of the truly fast men who can fake at top speed. For the most part he feints only with his legs and feet, further deceiving defenders with a perplexing change of pace. Here Mitchell has faked a cut to the inside and then suddenly accelerated past two defenders who knew from experience what to expect but were caught going one way when they should have been going another.



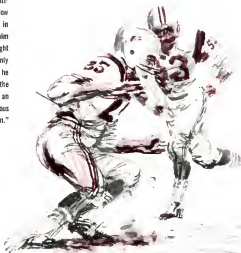


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COOKIE GILCHRIST

Even by pro standards, Buffalo's Gilchrist is a big man. He weighs 243 pounds, and he uses every pound to advantage. He breaks through the line with his knees lifting in a quick battering motion that discourages low tackles, and he tries to run over anybody who gets in his way. When a tackler moves in on him to hit him high, he drops his right shoulder and brings up his right forearm to ward the man off. Past the line, he suddenly veers away, swinging his free arm ominously as he lengthens his stride and goes to the outside, where the smaller corner man has the unenviable job of making an unaided tackle. "If all this falls," says an incredulous AFL tackle, "Cookie falls farther than most backs run."





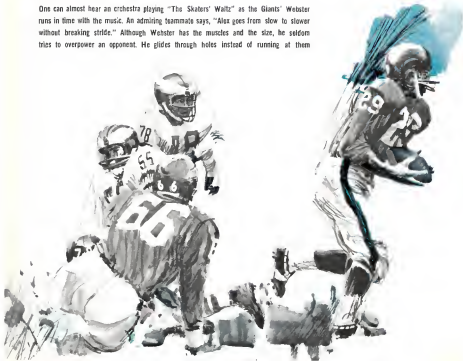
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SEE HOW THEY RUN *continued*



ALEX WEBSTER

One can almost hear an orchestra playing "The Skaters' Waltz" as the Giants' Webster runs in time with the music. An admiring teammate says, "Alex goes from slow to slower without breaking stride." Although Webster has the muscles and the size, he seldom tries to overpower an opponent. He glides through holes instead of running at them



and, once through, he moves to the outside, where he can use his skillful cuts. The surprising ability to cut corners sharply, coupled with his acute sense of timing as he waits for his blockers to get set, makes Webster dangerous on sweeps and screen passes.

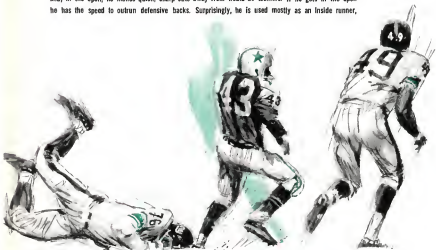


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ODD PERKINS

An assistant Cowboy coach likens Perkins to a racehorse. "He reminds me of Whirlaway: one step and he's at top speed." This fast start shoots Perkins through a hole before the linemen can react and, in the open, he makes quick, sharp cuts away from would-be tacklers. If he gets in the open he has the speed to outrun defensive backs. Surprisingly, he is used mostly as an inside runner,



In apparent disregard of his modest 196 pounds. The assignment is, however, a tribute to his strong leg drive, his keen sense of timing and his feel for using blocking effectively. He bursts through the line, pauses momentarily to give his interference time and then spurts off to the side and away.



CONTINUED

A WORKHORSE TEXAS BULL

Last year the long arm of Chicago's George Halas reached down into Texas to grab Ronnie Bull. It was a good grab. Bull runs like a latter-day Bronko Nagurski with a fullback Ph. D.

BY JACK OLSEN

The Chicago Bears are in their 44th year, all of them under the direction of George Halas. They have lacked, from time to time, quarterbacks, pass catchers, punters, receivers and money, but they have never (well, hardly ever) lacked at least one hotshot running back. Even in years when the Bears were a motley bunch of rinks, they could always point to a Red Grange, a Bronko Nagurski, a Ray Nollung or a George McAfee, not to mention a Beattie Feathers, a Paddy Driscoll, a Hugh Gallarneau or a Rick Casares. The tradition continues in the person of Ronnie Bull (see cover), last year's Rookie of the Year and this year's backfield workhorse for Halas' title-contending Bears. Bull, who compares favorably with the great backs shown on the preceding pages, is built like a fullback, with most of his weight (*i.e.*, muscle development) from the waist down. But unlike most fullbacks, he can move in the open field. He has run the hundred in 9.7, ran the 220 in 21.4 to beat Bobby Morrow's high school record and is equipped with a sort of all-weather radar for spotting holes in the line. If this were not paradise enough for Halas and the Bears, Bull also can catch passes and has been known to throw a few. He is, in a word, the all-purpose back. As Offensive Coach Luke Johnson of the Bears explains.

"The day is almost gone when all you had to be was a good runner. They can defense you too easily if they know you're going to run every time you get the ball. Even Jim Brown threw a pass for a touchdown two years ago. Alex Webster has started throwing the way Frank Grifford used to, and Paul Hornung will be driving everybody crazy again next year with that pass-run option of his. It won't be long before every back will have to be able to pass, run, catch passes and block, or the defense will murder him. You could say that Bull is the typical runner of the future."

"The typical runner of the future" is a half inch under 6 feet, two pounds over 200. His calves are elliptically muscled, like a sprinter's, and his thighs are heavy and long, like a fullback's. He is larger than life in that portion of his male anatomy sometimes known in the football trade as the butt. Like many ice skaters of both sexes, he juts out from over-developed pushing muscles. Withal, his muscles are loose, more soft than hard, more tennis-player type than weight-lifter type. When he walks, he leans forward a little, as though walking uphill. Forward is his natural attitude of movement. He is, in physique, a yardage machine. For the rest, he is a handsome young man, with brown crew cut, prominent cheekbones and a wide face,

a ski-jump nose and eyes that change, willy-nilly, from green to brown and back to green. "I can't seem to control it," says Bull. "It just happens."

As a football player, Bull is nothing more nor less than history's answer to the conditions forced upon running backs by the schemingly clever defensive coaches of today. In football's paleolithic era, 15 or 20 years ago, the function of the safety man was to let nobody by him for a touchdown; the function of the defensive halfbacks was to grab anybody who came into their territory, and the function of the line was to "hold that line." "But now," says Johnson, a former All-League end, "you never know what's going to happen. Even the safeties may come red-dogging in on you. It's like dodging bullets out there. Used to be the offside defensive linemen would take a few steps in, see that the play was going around the other side and either quit or make a halfhearted effort to chase the ballcarrier from behind. Nowadays, the offside linemen will take one step, then run right along the line of scrimmage after the ballcarrier. It's pursuit, pursuit, every second."

A runner like Bull combats such defensive sophistication with running sophistication peculiarly his own. With little time to sidestep, he feints instead. Bull must make the defensive back commit himself, but he does not slow down or change pace to fool the back because the pursuit men will come up from behind and gave him the old Sonny Liston. So he feints: a flicker of movement toward the left with his head, a jerk of his shoulder toward the right. He uses eye fakes and hand fakes. But he does this at full speed, and the moves are mixed up, like a pitcher's repertoire—fake left, go left; fake right, go right; fake left, go right; fake right, go straight, etc.

Oddly enough, the running back cannot execute these fakes successfully unless, at some point or other, he runs straight at the defender he is trying to beat. Explains the erudite Chuck Mather, backfield coach of the Bears and author of texts on football: "If I'm running on an angle toward the right sideline, the defensive corner man knows I can't stay on that line; so he has two things to watch: either I'm going to cut to his left, or I'm going to run straight at him. If I'm running on an angle to his left, he knows I can't keep that up because

there are tacklers out there) so he knows I'll either cut toward his right or run straight at him. Either way, he knows he has me limited to two choices. But what happens if first I run straight at him? Now I've got three choices; I can go right, left or straight. So we teach our backs to straighten up the defender by running right at him. Then they can make their ferts and fakes. The trouble is, it's against nature to run straight at a man. You'd be surprised how many pros have trouble getting over the habit of dodging. But not Bull. He seems to do it by instinct."

"Ronnie is also expert at setting the defense up for his blockers," says Luke Johnsons. "You have your ballcarrier, and you have a couple of blockers out in front of him, and you have the defense. Now the worst thing a back can do is try to turn this into a footrace, because if he does he's gonna lose. The defense can see the line he's running on, go straight at him, and the blockers will have a tough time because they'll have to throw blocks on men who are moving at top speed. What Ronnie will do is he'll set up the defense. He'll dip this way or zig that way or give a little head fake—anything to make those defenders hesitate. And when they hesitate, our blockers can take them out of the play. I've never seen a kid that can use his blockers like Bull. And this is the absolute essence of pro running today."

It is the contention of Bear partisans that Bull, in his second season as a pro, already can match such past masters as Jim Taylor of the Packers and John David Crow of the Cardinals at still another important role of the running back: reading the field. Says Johnsons: "He knows where to go, where their weakness is. He senses it. A lot of times we'll call an off-tackle play and he'll make 10 yards around the end, or vice versa. Sure, most running backs have that option, but they don't use it. If there's a nine-hole play, by God, they're gonna run through the nine hole in spite of everything. With Bull you never know where he's going."

"And when he does get hit," says Mather, "he has a fine sense of balance, and he doesn't go down unless it's a real good tackle. Some backs, the moment they see they're gonna get hit, they plop down. They forget to churn their legs

forward. It sounds simple, but half of them don't do it. It's only the great backs who can get hit and still have their legs under them and get going again. Sure, it's another of those things that are against natural instinct. That's why they're so hard to learn. But Ronnie had them when he came here."

The young man who inspires such praise is in his 14th season of football and his 12th of T formation at the advanced age of 23, which sounds unlikely until you remember that Ronnie Bull was born and reared in Texas, where boys learn football shortly after the teething period. Bull was a T halfback in the fifth grade, and a lot of those techniques that Chuck Mather calls "unnatural" came to Bull simply by long experience, the sort of experience that a graduate of, say, Mother Willingham's School for Young Gentlemen is not going to get. There were only 38 students in Bull's class in Bishop, Texas, a tiny town near the King Ranch and not far from Corpus Christi, but the principal of the school decided that the fifth graders should play football. "Every day at P. E. time," Bull recalls, "he'd get us out there and put shoulder pads and jerseys on us and drill us in the fundamentals. He called us 'the Poochie.' We played on a regulation field, and the night we played the sixth grade, I wore this little old green helmet that was different from all the others. But I liked it, and it was a cold night, and there must have been 500 people there, and I was the only player in bare feet and a green helmet. I ran 65 yards for a touchdown, but the sixth grade beat us 13-7. The next day my art teacher said she was real proud of me because she could see that little green helmet popping around all over the place. Now I love to play football. I love the challenge of getting past somebody, faking or feinting or spinning, and it all goes right back to that first game. There's no greater fun than to have that ball under your arm and see what you can do with it."

Bull became a star running back for Bishop High School, averaging 25 carries per game. In one bi-district championship game, he carried the ball 44 times. At Baylor, he started 36 of a possible 37 games, going both ways, and played 40 minutes in the one game he did not start.

Bull was the first draft choice of the Bears and the Dallas Texans of the

American Football League. "Everybody thought Halas was nuts to draft Bull," says a Bears' official. "In the first place, we were sure he wouldn't leave Texas, so we'd be wasting a draft choice. But George was a little bit on the spot. Nothing much had happened around here [the Bears have not won an NFL championship since 1946], and he felt Bull would be a big help to the team, either on offense or defense. Nobody has ever released any figures, but my guess would be that George didn't exactly impoverish the boy when he signed him."

Getting Bull signed up was a recruiter's nightmare from which Personnel Director George Allen thought he would never awake. Says Allen, who doubles as defensive coach of the Bears, "We were all ready to sign him right after his last game in 1961, but then Baylor got a bid to play in the Gotham bowl, and we couldn't sign him till that was over, and in the meantime Lamar Hunt was down there winning and dining Ronnie and his wife. We figured Hunt might even give them a ranch, because Hunt has ranches he doesn't even know he has."

In a master stroke of cunning, Allen invited Bull's wife, the former Connie Travland, to go to the Gotham Bowl in New York as guest of the Bears. Says Allen proudly: "That's something Lamar Hunt, with all his money, hadn't thought of." After the game, Allen had a taxicab standing by to rush the young couple from the Polo Grounds to La Guardia Airport, where they would emplane for Chicago and be the Bears' guests at the Sunday game with Cleveland. And if Bull wanted to sign a contract right after the game, just to show his appreciation . . .

But it was snowing in the Midwest that night. Bull, his wife and Allen sat around La Guardia for six hours while one plane after another was canceled from under them, usually after they were already aboard. "Each time they'd wash out a flight," says Allen, "Ronnie would say, 'Well, I guess we'll go back to the hotel now. I'm kinda tired out.' I could just see him getting back to the hotel in time to take a long-distance call from Lamar Hunt. So I'd say, 'Let's just try one more flight, and we'll go in and have some ice cream while we wait.' We

Continued

must have had six quarts of ice cream."

They finally took a plane to Detroit, landed at 3:30 a.m. and flew on to Chicago at 6 a.m. The journey was so confused that the Bulls' bags went on to Seattle, and they sat through the ball game (and the first snow they had ever seen) in their light Texas-style clothes, wrapped in towels and sweatshirts thoughtfully provided by the Bears. "And after all that," says Allen, "wouldn't you know he'd sign? Nope, he wouldn't. Later I went down to Dallas and met him at the airport and talked to him for five hours. That's where he signed. Right at Love Field. That same night Lamar Hunt was waiting for Ronnie at his home."

Bull and Allen now laugh at the memory of Allen's ordeal, all the more so because Bull claims he had always intended to sign with the Bears. "I wanted to play offensive ball," he remembers, "and the Dallas team had Abner Haynes as their running back. He was All-League and in good shape. The Bears had a great runner, too, Willie Gahmore. But Willie had been playing a long time, and I figured I'd have a better chance to break in behind him." The effect of Bull's dillydallying on the signing was to drive his price up. He did not maintain a B average in business administration for nothing.

But Bull's pro career began on a sinister note. He and Ernie Davis, the Heisman Award winner from Syracuse, had hung around together in the College All-Star training camp, and both entered the hospital at almost the same time. When Davis' illness was diagnosed as leukemia, Bull was subjected to a week of tests for the same disease. It turned out that he had a virus, and for two more weeks he was not allowed to play football. Late for training, he started the first two regular-season games as a corner man on defense, saving one of the games with an all-or-nothing tackle on the Los Angeles Rams' Dick Bass. "That was the low point of my life," says Bull. "All I wanted to do was run the ball." He got his chance in the third game, against Green Bay. Gahmore and his stand-on were injured, and Bull was forced into the lineup, thus proving out his original theory on joining the Bears instead of the Texans.

It took only a few plays for Bull to learn that a backfield man's life in pro ball was real and earnest. "The coaches had been warning me about getting

clotheslined on a sky pattern," says Bull. "See, on the sky pattern the half-back skirts the end and goes downfield for a pass. Now you have to avoid that defensive end as you go out because if you don't, he's gonna stick his long arm out and swoop you as you go by. It's just like running into a clothesline at full speed. But my head was full of offensive maneuvers, like swerve outs, and I had already had to learn all the defensive signals, and my head was reeling. So I went out for the pass and, as I went around the end, I looked up once and there was Bill Quinlan, and all I saw was fist, I couldn't duck it. He got me right on the chin. I landed flat on my back. I kept telling myself, 'You gotta make it to the sidelines, you gotta make it.' Well, I did make it to the sidelines, and then I passed out cold. The next Tuesday those guys kept running the game film back and forth showing that play over and over and laughing."

After that, Bull played every game and accumulated 694 yards on runs and pass receptions and another 233 yards on nine kickoff returns, good enough to earn him the Rookie of the Year award. He also learned more about prototype football than he had realized existed back in the fifth grade. He learned, for example, that the bottom of a pileup is a dangerous place for a back, but not for the reason the spectator might suspect. "It's not the weight of the players that bothers you," he explains. "After that first guy falls on you, most of the rest of them are falling on one another. But in an exhibition game against Baltimore this year, every time I'd be on the bottom of a pileup I'd feel this smash across my shins, and I'd look up, and it would always be the same player kicking me. In another game, against the New York Giants, a linebacker kept using all his strength to twist my legs when I was down. I've even had 'em jam me with their thumbs, but me, everything you can think of, I've had players pull the hairs off my legs, but that was in college, not in the pros. Or, sometimes, one guy'll be tackling you, and you're sliding along on your back, and another guy will come down on you with his elbow."

It is shocking to hear Bull recite these grievous crimes against the spirit and charter of the United Nations, mostly

because he is so absolutely unconcerned about them. "What?" he says. "Me get mad? Why should I get mad? It's all part of the game. That's why you've got to respect those guys." Added the business administration major from Baylor: "It's a matter of dollars and cents."

Bull is careful to compliment opposition defensesmen when they land a good tackle on him, and if his gorge does rise, he fights it down. In the Green Bay game opening day, he was hit by an especially savage elbow as he was skittering along the ground being tackled. "Nice elbow! Nice elbow! Nice elbow!" Bull shouted angrily as the referee came running up.

"You were still in motion," the referee said.

Bull presented a wide smile to elbow and referee alike. "I know it, Mr. Referee," he said. "All I said was, 'Nice elbow!'"

Bull talks the way he plays football—animatedly, efficiently, zestfully. More than many pro athletes, he took a genuine education away from his university (and made the All-America Academic Football Team). He speaks good English with only a slight touch of Texas, the opposite of many a Texan now in the pro leagues. In the wintertime, he works for the Harvey Advertising Co. of Waco, Texas ("Eye Opening Ideas That Increase Profits"), and his business card, which is difficult to avoid getting, features one of those eyes that blink as you turn it. Bull is also promoting a portable footwarmer for sports events. "It didn't go too well in Texas," he says, "but up here in the North we have high hopes for it." He also lectures. Does all this off-field activity interfere with his concentration on football?

"No, sir," said Bull. "Nothing interferes with my football. If anything, I'm too serious about the game. My wife says to me each Sunday, 'Now you be sure and look up at me at least once during the game.' I say, 'Honey, when I'm on that field I'm not thinking about you or the baby or the agency or anything else in this world. When I'm on the field I'm nothing but football.'"

"You know something?" he added in a confidential tone of voice. "When I'm out there on that field with a football in my hand, I don't even know I'm married." Ronnie Bull gave a little laugh, and his green eyes turned to brown and back to green.

END



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Open letter to a college president

Disturbed by a decline of standards on certain campuses, Dick Kazmaier, an All-America 12 years ago at Princeton, writes to his old friend, Dr. Vernon Alden, now president of Ohio U.

DEAR VERN,

As the recently appointed president of a large and growing university, you will soon, if you have not already done so, have to consider seriously your school's position vis-à-vis college athletics. Most likely you already have had stern advice from friends, educators, alumni, politicians and other interested people who want you to 1) go all out for big-time athletics, 2) drop intercollegiate athletics entirely or 3) steer a middle course. At the risk of presuming upon our friendship, I want to add my own voice.

You know from our conversations of last spring that I have become concerned, indeed troubled, by the emphases placed on athletics at certain colleges in this country. Even a cursory look at the record since I entered college in 1948 reveals several uncomfortable incidents. If the persons involved are not particularly worried, I am. There is absolutely no assurance that similar incidents will not mar the collegiate scene in the months and years ahead. Some would even argue the reverse—that they are bound to occur.

This, of course, does not have to be so. If it did, I would recommend that you take the second course, withdraw all teams from competition with other schools and concentrate exclusively on intramural athletics. But athletics are fun, and competition is fun and, as you and I have agreed, both are a vital part of the total educational process. The question, then, is how can you have teams—and I mean good teams—without compromising the purpose of an education? After much thought, I have concluded that there is only one way. The university must guarantee to itself, to its own conscience, that every one of its letter-winning graduates will have had, by the time he leaves, a total education, the same education that all the rest of the graduates have had. In no other way

can a college hope to maintain both an intercollegiate athletic program and its standards.

I am sorry that this is not the way at many institutions. Gifted players are brought in on athletic scholarships even though they do not qualify academically, and are encouraged to take courses that are a considerable cut easier than those

some cases corrupted, by the win-at-any-cost programs administered, not by educators, but by persons whose principal objective is to provide effective competition for professional sports.

Now, I am not arguing that one person or group of persons can develop the ideal athletic program for every college or university. The difference in educational objectives alone would make such a task practically impossible. Perhaps this is the reason why no national group, not even the National Collegiate Athletic Association, has been particularly successful in establishing national ground rules. But I feel strongly that there are several fundamental principles the colleges can adopt to make sure that athletics will be beneficial to all students. These principles probably can best be illustrated by my own college experiences from 1948 to 1952, which were the same as those of everyone else participating in sports on the Princeton campus at that time.

These were good years. Our tennis team was undefeated for three years in dual competition. The lacrosse team was designated national champion in 1951. We had an NCAA heavyweight wrestling champion and an NCAA breaststroke record holder. Our basketball teams were the league champions in 1950 and 1952 and NCAA tournament representatives in 1952, and the baseball team won or tied for the Eastern Intercollegiate League title in 1950 and 1951—with NCAA tournament participation in one of the three years. Finally, our football teams were undefeated and nationally ranked in both 1950 and 1951.

Yet the accolades are but fond memories. What is important today is what was accomplished by each athlete as a college student. He owed his success to a workable system, the five most important ingredients of which were:

1) Standard recruiting of all secondary school candidates—not just athletes.



Author Kazmaier, an assistant to Dr. Alden when the latter was associate dean of Harnard Business School, graduated with honors from Princeton. This month he becomes vice-president of a subsidiary of American Machine & Foundry Co.

the majority of students must take. The athletes live apart from their classmates in special dormitories and generally are little concerned with campus activities other than sports.

Theirs is hardly the "significant educational experience" which, as you have written, our universities must provide. The athletes are being cheated, and in

continued

Alumni employed in "schools committee" interviewed and screened, if possible, every applicant to Princeton. Backed up by members of the administration of the university, they were generally charged with helping to procure the best possible students from the secondary schools—whether they were musicians, valedictorians or athletes.

2) Standard entrance requirements. Minimum levels, particularly on the entrance exams, applied to all applicants, and every person admitted was considered scholastically able to complete a four-year program of studies.

3) Award of financial assistance on the basis of need, with continuance of that assistance determined on the basis of academic performance. If the applicant was admitted, then the required amount of money was supplied in the form of a scholarship, loan or job—or some combination of the three—for the entire four years, as long as he kept up his grades. I have a couple of canceled notes to prove that loans were readily substituted for the scholarship if the grade average was not maintained.

4) Standard grade levels for all students. There were no exceptions, and a progressively higher grade average was required each semester in order to stay in school. Borderline cases were often put on probation, which meant they were banned from participation in extracurricular activities. There were instances where Charlie Caldwell, my coach, would not let players practice—either in the spring or in the regular season—if their grades were not satisfactory. One of our first-string tackles even sat out three games due to the need to study for mid-term exams.

5) Integration of all students in campus life. Every student lived in university-owned dormitories with no special housing available for any group. Choice of roommates was left strictly to the individual. Everyone ate in university dining halls in the freshman and sophomore years. Only during the football season did a training table exist. For other athletes special meals were available, usually just before games. Almost every upperclassman joined an eating club, and none of the clubs was considered "athletic." In the club I joined there were only four other football players and a scattering of other athletes as well as an abundance of those who could be classed as definitely nonathletic. One of

the things I am most pleased with about my college experience is that I was able to participate fully in every type of social activity that was of interest to me at the time as just another student on the campus and not as a football player.

There are many variations possible in the specific athletic programs that can be adopted by your school once a framework is established in which the above ingredients are present. While problems that may arise when rules of the NCAA conference or even the school itself are ignored or violated cannot be corrected by these five fundamentals, I personally believe that schools adhering to them can be counted on to live by the rule book. After all, isn't this one of the great lessons sports competition teaches young men and women? With the five principles adopted and enforced primarily by self-control, I feel, the need for external policing will be practically eliminated. And really, when you think about it, policing should be completely unnecessary when dealing with organizations such as the

colleges and universities of this country.

Finally, I believe that it is up to you and the other leaders of this country's universities to provide for the continuance of athletic programs that further the development and growth of all student athletes. You are the only ones who can effectively do this. Your athletic director, coaches and, of course, your faculty and deans all are important to the proper conduct of collegiate athletics, but in the end, the authority and the responsibility rest with the presidents. For the athletic portion of your curriculum I strongly recommend a program that will enable each person who ever participates in a sport to look back on his college days in much the same way as I now view my own experiences. The athletic policies at the university I attended are to me in large part responsible for the tremendous satisfaction I feel today over the fact that I was a student-athlete during my undergraduate days.

Sincerely,
Dick

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. PENN STATE (5-4)
2. RICE (3-6) 3. MIT (3-6)

PENN STATE'S Rip Eagle set his defenses to stop Rice's expected wide running game, and at the same time to protect against the Owls' good passing. He also brightened up his new swing T, adding an I formation and a reverse to Z Back Don Caum. Hencoon't have bothered. Discouraged early by the rousing Penn State line, led by monster Linebacker Ed Stuckrath and Tackle Hatch Rosdahl, Rice gained only 30 yards on the ground as it rarely went wide, and ran the ball only three times in the second half. Instead the Rice quarterbacks (mostly substitute Benny Hollingsworth) scattered the Nittany Lions with their fine throwing, completing 18 out of 36 for 240 yards. But the alert Penn State defense picked off three passes (two by Caum), recovered two Rice fumbles and State won 28-7 as Fullbacks Tom Urbanik and Stuckrath and Halfbacks Gary Klingensmith and Don Kurit rushed over and through the blinking Owls.

MIT, enjoying its new togetherness, was still treating West Coast teams like unloved extras. Stunned briefly by California Halfback Jim Blakey's 85-yard opening kickoff return, the Panthers recovered quickly. Tackles Ernie Borghetti and John Macznak led a mighty charge on Cal's harried Craig

Morton and Pitt Quarterbacks Fred Mazurek and Ken Lucas, Halfbacks Eric Crabtree and Paul Marzha and Fullback Rick Leeson frolicked merrily among the discomfited Bears, whipping them soundly 35-15.

SYRACUSE, too, had a pleasant afternoon at the expense of overmatched Holy Cross. Quarterback Walley Mable, who isn't supposed to be much of a passer, threw to Nat Duckett for 48 yards for a touchdown and the rout was on. Final score: 48-0.

Villanova, sitting precariously on a 7-6 lead, lost it and the ball game, 14-7, when AUSTIN's John Stofa threw a 36-yard pass to Tom Butler in the closing minutes. BOSTON U. led COLGATE 6-6.

In the Ivy League it was a great day for the soccer-style-kicking Gogolius. PRINCETON's Charlie booted one off the side of his foot for the point that beat Columbia 7-6, while brother Pete, who has been at it longer, kicked a 50-yard field goal and three extra points (for 31 in a row) as Quarterback Gary Wood led CORNELL past Lehigh 24-0. GARTMOUTH, with new Quarterback Dana Kelly passing frugally but effectively (for two scores), overwhelmed Penn 28-0. HARVARD beat Rutgers 28-0 on the running and pass catching of sophomores Wally Grant and Dave Poe. At Yale, all was truly blue as sophomore Quarterback Bob Hall and Brown thumped the Elis, 12-7.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. ALABAMA (3-0)
2. MISSISSIPPI (2-0-1) 3. DUKE (2-0)

It was Georgia Tech's Billy Lothridge against LSU's good sophomores down in Baton Rouge Saturday night. The sophomores, surprisingly, won 7-6. The very first time LSU got the ball, Quarterback Pat Screemarched the Tigers 45 yards for a score, sweeping right end for the last seven yards himself. Doug Moreau, another soph, kicked the extra point. After that, the Tigers settled down to stopping Lothridge, storming after him every time he thought of passing and tackling fiercely to shut off Tech's running game. Twice Lothridge kicked field goals—from 26 and 21 yards out—and that was all the Jackets got.

ALABAMA, looking for an easy day against Vanderbilt, perhaps was too casual. It relied on Benny Nelson's long runs (50 and 97 yards) to win 21-6. AIRBORN, off to a 14-0 lead over Kentucky, barely outlasted the Wildcats 14-13 when Quarterback Rick Norton passed for two touchdowns and then just missed on a two-point play. In other games, MISSISSIPPI STATE edged Tennessee 7-0; GEORGIA ran over South Carolina 27-7; FLORIDA outscored Richmond 35-28.

Maryland's Tom Nugent, who yields to no man in his zest for gimmicks, frankly admitted that "we'll need all the tricks we can cook up." So Duke wasn't too surprised when the Terps ran out of a spread, shotgun and straight T, along with the shifty I. What did shock the Blue Devils was that they were behind 12-10 with only 9:20 to go. Then Duke got tricky. With the ball on 40, Quarterback Scotty Glacken handed off to a halfback, who reverted to the other halfback, who gave the ball back to Glacken. By this time, Split End Stan Crissan was clear on the Maryland 20. He took Glacken's pass and ran for a touchdown. Duke quickly

scored its 100th point 10:12. It took a welcome relief for Coach Bill Murray, who said, "I'm just glad to get out of here alive."

RANGY NORTH CAROLINA STATE End Ray Barlow, loping downfield as a decoy on a routine roll-out play, suddenly found himself all alone on Clemson's 40-yard line. Quarterback Jim Rossi, back on the NC State 23, found him, too, with a good pass that went for the touchdown that beat Clemson 7-3. "I don't know where Barlow came from," said happy Coach Earle Edwards, "but I was sure glad to see him."

MIAMI, still stumbling, managed to get by Tulane 10-0 on Den Calra's 33-yard field goal and Tackle Roger Brown's six-yard sprint with an intercepted pass. West Virginia set out to stop OREGON's Mel Renfro and found itself overwhelmed by Webfoot Quarterback Bob Berry. Berry completed 8 of 11 passes for 227 yards and one touchdown, ran for another as Oregon won easily, 35-0.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OKLAHOMA (3-0)
2. WISCONSIN (2-0) 3. ILLINOIS (2-0)

It started out like any other Northwestern game. Tom Myers threw a 29-yard touchdown pass to Tom O'Grady, but this time Center Joe Cerne's high snap ruined the attempted conversion. It was an ill omen for the Wildcats. HEINUS wrapped Myers in a stern defense, giving him all the daylight he wanted in midfield, but pinching him off whenever Northwestern got close. Coach Pete Elliott dragged out his flipper dipper play, a wide lateral from Quarterback Fred Custardo to Wingback Ron Fearn, who then fired a 32-yd pass to Jim Warren in the end zone, to get the Illini even. They won 10-9 when Jim Plankenhorn kicked the extra point and later a 21-yard field goal.

OHIO STATE had it easy against Indiana. Coach Woody Hayes decided to let his quar-

terback, Den Unwerth, throw the ball and he gracefully obliged with touchdown passes to Greg Lushko and Paul Warfield. Duck Van Raaphorst kicked in six field goals, one for 48 yards, the longest ever in the Big Ten, and the Buckeyes won 21-0.

MIAMI, still searching for a scoring punch, trailed Notre Dame 6-0 going into the last quarter. Then Quarterback Ron DeGrasso shot a seven-yard pass to sophomore End Bob Hadrick and Gary Hogan kicked the placement to give the Boilemakers a 7-6 victory.

There just were not enough adjectives to describe NASHVY'S Roger Staubach after he routed Michigan 26-13. Scrambling back and forth behind the Middle line like a Baird puppet on a string, he passed the Wolverines dizzy and ran them bowlegged. Michigan's Buzz Elliott quickly joined the crowd of Staubach believers. "The greatest quarterback I've ever seen," he said.

Army's excursion into the Big Ten was much less rewarding. MINNESOTA's young but eager Gophers forced the Cadets into grievous errors (seven fumbles and three interceptions) and announced this 24-8.

While Oklahoma reeled for Texas, its Big Eight neighbors went about their head-knocking with hopeful vigor. MINNASKA wall-punted Iowa State 21-7; MINNOUR's flashy sophomores routed Idaho 24-0; COLORADO's Bill Harris bludgeoned his way to three scores as the Buffaloes bested Kansas State 21-7.

Tulsa thought it had MEMPHIS STATE on the run when it cracked the Tigers' defense for a 9-7 half-time lead. State, however, snapped back to win 28-15. BOSTON COLLEGE's Jack Concannon failed to complete a touchdown pass for almost the first time within memory, but he ran for two as the Eagles beat Detroit 20-12.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (2-0)
2. ARKANSAS (2-0) 3. TCU (2-0)

Air Force, which might better have stayed home at its hollowed-out mountain headquarters, lost 10-0 at SMU. Worse than falling out of the ranks of the unbeaten against a loser of seven straight games were the number of balls that fell out of Air Force hands. A punt blocked by the hard-pressing SMU line set up Mustang John Rache's 25-yard field goal, and a fumble recovery led to Methodist's touchdown drive. Appropriately, the game ball was presented to Glenn Goveen—the defensive coach.

Hungry-eyed Bud Wilkinson, whose Oklahoma Sooners meet TEXAS this week, was a customer at the Oklahoma State game. He was served a large dish of plain vanilla as Texas blandly hummered out a 34-7 win. But not all was sweetness. Punter Ernie Koy was injured and is out for the season.

There was nothing new about ARKANSAS' 18-3 defeat of TCU. It took End Jerry

continued



THE BEST: Back of the Week, Roger Staubach, here cutting to touchdown, ran and passed for 307 yards in Navy's rout of Michigan. Linebacker of Week was North Carolina State End Ray Barlow. He scored the only touchdown, recovered a fumble, stopped Clemson cold in final minutes.



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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

Lamb's spectacular 56-yard scoring reception of a Fred Marshall pass to keep the Razorbacks narrowly ahead for most of the game. TEXAS TECH'S 10-0 victory over TEXAS A&M was a little special too. It was the first Southwest Conference win in two years for Tech. H.L. Daniels kicked a 37-yard field goal to tie the conference career record of 10, and End David Parks made a diving end-zone catch of a Ben Elledge pass.

If MISSISSIPPI was thankful to escape Houston with a 20-6 win, Quarterback Jim Weatherly was happy to escape his own coach. Nursing a 7-6 lead, Ole Miss had fourth and four on Houston's 42. Coach Johnny Vaughn hunted by sending in a punter, but Weatherly grandly waved him off and essayed a pass—incomplete. Houston was stopped on the Miss 28 but Weatherly played the rest of the game on defense as Mike Dennis scored 23- and 30-yard Reb touchdowns on passes from Perry Lee Dunn.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. USC (9-1)

2. OREGON STATE (8-2) 3. OREGON (5-4)

USC appeared headed for its second straight defeat as it trailed 10-0 against a young Michigan State team. Spartan Halfback Sherm Lewis' 88-yard sprint with a screen pass from sophomore Quarterback Steve Juday had added seven points to Lou Boich's 34-yard field goal. Then, to begin the last period, USC Halfback Mike Garrett broke 32 yards through guard on a trap. Minutes later, on fourth and eight, Hal Redstone shoestringed a Pete Beathard pass in the end zone, and USC won 13-10.

Washington fared not so well against its Big Ten opponent, IOWA. For the third straight week the Huskies, who pride themselves on conditioning, appeared drawn and fourth-quartered as they lost 17-7.

Neither thunder, lightning, a Northwest deluge nor fading Washington defenses could stop a 93-yard drive powered by Bobby Griener's runs (one for 43 yards) and ending in Quarterback Fred Riddle's one-yard plunge that put the Hawkeys ahead.

OREGON STATE is still unbeaten, thanks to a 22-15 win over Baylor that ended like a commercial for tranquilizers. With 27 seconds left, OSU Quarterback Gordon Queen hit Danny Espalino on the Baylor five. Espalino went to the two, was hit, fumbled into the end zone, then recovered for a touchdown. Queen had completed seven of 12 passes on the 66-yard desperation drive and 11 of 22 for the day. Better yet was Baylor's Don Trull, who completed 16 of 28 for 246 yards.

UCLA Quarterback Larry Zeno, who had set up Stanford's touchdowns by fumbling a bad pass, and Halfback John White, whose back-pedaling caused the safety that put Stanford ahead 9-3, redeemed themselves as UCLA beat the Indians 10-9. White scored the tying touchdown and Zeno coolly converted the winning point. Similarly, Halfback Clarence Williams did all the scoring as WASHINGTON STATE beat Arizona 7-2. After a reverse 10-yard run for a safety, he dashed 75 yards for the only touchdown.

A more frustrated hero was Wyoming's Tom Wilkinson, who completed 15 of 26 passes for 202 yards and had the Cow-boys leading KANSAS 21-7 until big Jayhawk Guard Greg Roth took the ball out of his hands and ran 20 yards for a score. Underdog Wyoming was then powerless to prevent a 64-yard Kansas march that won 25-21.

In the WAC, UTAH Quarterbacks Ernest Allen and Gary Hertefeldt riddled New Mexico 19-6. ARIZONA STATE demolished Colorado State 30-7 and BRIGHAM YOUNG beat Montana 27-0.

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Texas over Oklahoma. The Longhorns can score and are positively bullish on defense.

Northwestern over Minnesota. The Wildcats' mistakes will not equal the Gophers'.

Wisconsin over Purdue. Never fancy, the Badgers have power the Boilermakers lack.

Illinois over Ohio State. The Illini are strong, State is swift—but not swift enough.

USC over Notre Dame. But not without a struggle. Beathard will have to be good.

Minnesota over Air Force. The Huskers, with Claridge running things, are too tough.

Penn State over Army. Army's line is long, gray and thin, and State wants revenge.

Spremen over UCLA. The Orangemen, bigger by a bit, may have found the pass.

LSU over Miami. Harting for runners, Miami cannot rely on Mira's passing alone.

Airborne over Florida. Namath and that Alabama line will not be had this week.

OTHER GAMES

ARKANSAS OVER BAYLOR
DUKE OVER CALIFORNIA
GEORGIA TECH OVER TENNESSEE
HAWAII OVER CORNELL
IOWA OVER INDIANA
MICHIGAN STATE OVER MICHIGAN
NAVY OVER SMU
S.C. STATE OVER SOUTH CAROLINA
OREGON STATE OVER WASHINGTON
RICE OVER STANFORD

*Friday night games

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

14 RIGHT, 2 WRONG
SEASON'S RECORD: 30-21-5



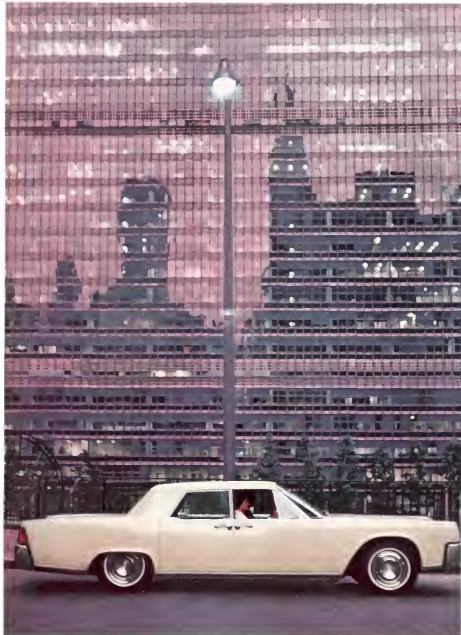
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vinyl and strong light weight magnesium frames. Trim. The exclusive Samsonite locks are hidden. Trim. Interiors are designed for wrinkle-free packing. Trim. Colors: Deep Olive (shown), Oxford Grey, Tanbark. The word again: Trim. Silhouette is unmistakably your kind of luggage.

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The 1964 Lincoln Continental has been lengthened just enough to provide greater interior spaciousness.

You will experience more head room and leg room. The luggage compartment is larger. When you inspect the new Continental, you will understand why more than half the people who buy in our price range choose the Continental.

The new Continental has been improved in the only way a Continental could have been improved: it offers a far more spacious interior. But the timeless and much copied Continental profile remains.

Outside, it is just three inches longer than in 1961-2-3. But in the rear compartment, leg room has been increased four

inches over the 1963 model and there is a gain of 2.5 inches in knee room over 1963. The knee room is more than double that of the 1961-2 Continental. You will also enjoy broader window visibility, and easier entrance through the widened rear compartment doors.

The luggage compartment has 15% more usable space than in 1963, a total increase of 33% over the 1961-2 models.

Yet with all this added space, the classic Continental retains the distinctions that set it apart among luxury automobiles.

1. The famous profile is modified only to incorporate functional improvements.

Why only two models?

2. The Continental is available in the four-door sedan and the only four-door convertible made in America. Each is built to the highest engineering standards. There are no lower priced models, because there cannot be any compromise of its standards to offer lesser versions.

3. Only the Continental has four center-

opening doors, for more graceful entrance.

4. The exceptional strength and rigidity of the Continental's integral construction contribute to an unsurpassed ride.

5. Within, you will find virtually every luxury. Down-soft leathers or opulent damasks. Foam cushion seats. Deep cut-pile nylon carpeting. And much more.

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6. The Continental includes, as standard equipment, full power auxiliaries: steering, brakes, windows, side vent windows, antennas. Automatic transmission. The six-way power seat. Transistor radio and rear speaker. Heater and defroster. Windshield washers. Remote control rearview mirror. The complete list is even longer.

7. Each Continental is built in a special plant at Wixom, Michigan, that establishes and maintains the world's highest automotive engineering standards.

189 straight A's

8. No other car is so thoroughly tested. Every Continental must pass 189 performance tests on the road in addition to thousands of tests during manufacture.

9. Because its precision standards of construction are the world's highest, the Continental is built to last and retain its value.

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And before you decide upon your next automobile, drive this one yourself. It is the world's finest automobile. If you will call your Lincoln Continental dealer, he will arrange a demonstration.

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Toledo 2, Ohio



War in the East, impatience in the West

The improvig Browns stopped the Steeler ground game but had trouble in the air. Next week Cleveland faces a troublesome Tittle while the Packers and the Bears itchy await a second go

Last week the Cleveland Browns grew up. They quit playing Cowboys and Indians and started playing men. And they proved to be as tough against the men of the Pittsburgh Steelers as they had been against the Dallas Cowboys and the Washington Redskins. The Browns' boom began against three of the weakest teams in the NFL: the Redskins, Cowboys and Los Angeles Rams. Most of the cynical football experts sneered at the running of Jim Brown and the passing of Frank Ryan. "Wait until they play the Steelers," was the usual parry.

The Steelers came into Cleveland last Saturday night virtually tied with the Browns. Some 84,000 fans—the largest Cleveland football crowd in history—stacked themselves into Municipal Stadium, 1,400 paying for the doubtful privilege of standing in the end zone. They saw the Browns win 35 to 23.

They saw Jim Brown slice through, over and around the supposedly impregnable Steeler defense for 175 yards. Using the new Cleveland option blocking, Brown slid along the line until he found a crack, widened the crack with his first bull-strong rush, then moved fluidly through the Steeler secondary for long gains. Frank Ryan, who calls most of the plays for Cleveland (Coach Blanton Collier calls some), missed on his passes in the first half, but started hitting in the second. Three times, when he found his receivers covered and a path cleared through the middle of the Pittsburgh defense, he tucked the ball away and ran with it. He scored once on this unorthodox move and gained long yardage each time. None of these runs was planned, although Cleveland does have a play set up with Ryan running the ball.

This week the Browns face the second stringent test in their quest for the Eastern Conference title when they meet

the New York Giants in New York. A sad portent for Cleveland was the success of the Pittsburgh passing attack on Saturday night. If the Steelers' Ed Brown can pass to gain 289 yards and complete 19 of 35 against the Brown defense, what can a Y. A. Tittle do?

If he does as well as he did against the ailing Redskin defense last week, the Browns could have trouble. But, with a three-pronged offense—Ryan's passing and running and Jim Brown's irresistible running—against the single-barreled offense of the Giants, the Browns can afford a few lapses on pass defense.

In contrast, another Eastern team, the Dallas Cowboys, a team which seemed destined to be good if not great this year, managed to lose their fourth straight game, this one to the Philadelphia Eagles. Two weeks ago young Tom Landry, the Cowboy coach, shook his head sorrowfully and said, "The only guy who feels as bad as I do right now is the magazine writer who picked us to win the Eastern championship." In case anyone missed our Sept. 9 issue, the writer Landry was talking about is me. Last week he only shook his head, but he could have repeated his statement. The Cowboy troubles are those of youth; they have given the ball away too often, too deep in their own territory. The loss of defensive end George Andrie in the last exhibition game deprived them of much of their pass rush and placed a cumbersome burden on the young secondary defenders, who are not sophisticated enough to continue to defend against veteran receivers.

In the West the showdown may come next month when the Packers meet the Chicago Bears. The Packers, playing with their usual intense dedication to knocking people down, are hungering to prove that their loss to the Bears in the opening game of the season was only

a reflection of a too-strenuous reaction to their loss to the College All-Stars. Whipped into a frenzy by Coach Vince Lombardi, the Packers demolished five exhibition foes but seemed to flag against the Bears. Chicago, with its new simple defense and new supple offense is still in command in the West. The Bears did let down a bit last week when they just squeezed past the Colts 10-3.

In the American Football League, the young teams have engineered a climax of their own. The San Diego Chargers, who lapsed against the Broncos last week, are still first in the West. This Sunday they will play the leaders of the East—no one's choice for the championship—the New York Jets.

Webb Ewbank, who came to the New York club from the Baltimore Colts, is a patient man. He contemplated the appalling paucity of manpower on the ex-Titans through a dismaying exhibition season, biding his time until he could refurbish a leaky defense and bulky offense with late cuts of the NFL teams.

Understandably, Coach Ewbank made most of his selections from the ranks of his old club—the Baltimore Colts. He took none of the players whom the Colts had either traded or cut, wedged them carefully into place on the Jets and began winning games in the AFL.

Ewbank and his refueled Jets will be meeting a Charger team that Coach Sid Gillman has topped up with the acquisition of Toban Rote, an elderly but still accurate quarterback. Rote has been around a long time, having played for Green Bay, Detroit and Toronto. Gillman, when he coached the Los Angeles Rams, never found it easy to beat the Ewbank-coached Colts. And next Sunday Gillman will see more than one familiar face on the opposite sidelines. He may be reminded of his old difficulties, to his sorrow.

END

The hydros rolled snake eyes on a gambling man's lake

A wild windstorm beached the boats at the Lake Tahoe hydroplane championships, but the gamblers on the shore never felt a breeze

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A Taylor Instrument

The town of Stateline, Nev. on Lake Tahoe is a place of bold contradictions. There the rugged crags of the Sierra Nevada end abruptly at an ultra-modern gambling casino, where the doors never close and the wheels never stop. There cattle graze in the yard of a concrete, glass and stainless steel bank that is crammed with ready money. And there, omnipresent but often invisible, is a man who looks like a blue-law bishop and is actually the state's top gambler—Bill Harrah, the lord high commissioner and general Pooh-Buh of everything

that goes on at Tahoe's south shore.

"I think," said Bill Harrah week before last, as he surveyed a scene that included, among other items, a group of children playing placidly in the freezing water at the edge of the lake, a gathering of the world's top unlimited hydroplane drivers tuning up their boats, and the usual collection of desperate optimists at the crap and roulette tables—"I think," said Bill Harrah, "that this place is unique. There's no other like it. Not, at least, that I know of."

What gave Harrah's words extra force

SKIN DIVERS HELP HYDROPLANE PIT CREW ADMINISTER FIRST AID TO THE 5,400 POUND



at that moment was the fact that his lake was serving as the unlikely site for the final regatta of the season's U.S. unlimited hydroplane racing championship, and his own hydro, *Tahoe Miss*, was a top contender. "Bill isn't like the gamblers who just put the money in their pockets," said one of Harrah's neighbors. "He is trying to help the community and the state when he puts on a regatta like this." Less charitable critics are inclined to see baser motives in Harrah's sporting ventures. "He's embarrassed at being a gambler and wants to create an image as a sportsman," they say. Harrah himself, like most hydro promoters (whose cause was furthered last week by a U.S. tax court decision that hydro racing can be tax deductible), freely admits that he races his boat for publicity reasons. Touring around the nation on the unlimited circuit, *Tahoe Miss* and her driver, Chuck Thompson, certainly keep the name of Harrah's Tahoe club in the public eye. But Bill's feeling for fast engines has deeper roots. When he isn't busy dreaming up publicity angles for his Tahoe club, Harrah loves to drive his collection of Daimlers, Ferraris and Jaguars at break-neck speeds, and he owns an innocent Chevy II station wagon with a hopped-up engine that will push it well above

100 mph. His own cabin cruiser is not specially powered, but its main cabin is lined with mirrors that give it a certain speedy air, and his wife is a blonde ex-show girl named Sherry, whose three French poodles viewed the regatta from the comfort of a stroller in chic blue monogrammed coats and jeweled collars.

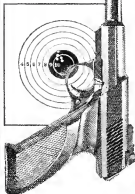
As it turned out, Mrs. Harrah's poodles were disappointed, as was the astonishing horde of hydro fans who came hundreds of miles to see the show. The race, as a race, was a fiasco. Instead of running the scheduled three heats, the committee called off the entire regatta after it had scarcely begun.

On the first day everything was fine. During the practice heats, boat after boat was lowered to flex its muscles on the mirror-smooth lake. Top favorite to win the \$25,000 regatta and the overall points championship that went with it was the green and yellow Gold Cup winner *Miss Bardahl* (SI July 15), but she was minus her regular driver, Ron Musson. Ron had hurt his chest when his boat flipped in the Governor's Cup race at Madison, Ind., and though he tried to run her at Tahoe, he had to give up. "My ribs hurt," he complained, and Driver Don Wilson took over.

Next to *Miss Bardahl* in the Tahoe pits was a substitution of another kind,

continued

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"FASCINATION" AS WINDS WHIP THE DOCILE SURFACE OF LAKE TAHOE INTO A FURY



Your putting stroke is fine for the short chip



The chip shot from five to 15 feet off the green should be executed almost like a putt. You should always be able to get down in two strokes from such a position and occasionally in one. The stance for this shot should be open and the club choked down considerably. The hitting action nearly duplicates the putting stroke. It is made primarily with the wrists, but the wrists must break almost straight back. They must not be allowed to roll over as the ball is hit. This movement will keep the back of the left hand, and therefore the face of the club, as square as possible to the chipping line. This is an extremely important element in setting up a solid and accurate shot. On the backswing the left hand will break in under the right. On the downswing it leads the right hand and the club head straight out toward the hole.

You should try to land the ball about five feet into the green and allow it to roll the rest of the way to the hole. The amount of loft needed to land it on that spot and still have it roll the required distance determines what club should be used. Assuming the green is level, if the correct landing spot is approximately halfway between the ball and the hole, a nine-iron or wedge should be used. If the spot is a quarter of the way to the hole, a six- or seven-iron is the correct club.

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On the backswing for the chip shot (above) the wrists should break with a hinge-like action. This keeps the hands, and therefore the club face, square on target.

On the follow-through (left) the left hand must stay on the line to the hole.

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HARNESS RACING / Pat Ryan



Giving them the raspberry

Speedy Scot, a saucy colt that sticks his tongue out at the world, never gave the field a chance as he trotted off with a Triple Crown

If that horse was a baseball player," said Del Miller, one of the most renowned drivers in harness racing, "he'd be the best cleanup man the Yankees ever had." The Yankees should be so lucky. Miller was standing at trackside in Lexington, Ky. and the horse that awed him was an all but unbeatable bay named Speedy Scot. The next day, by not letting any of the country's other top 3-year-olds get within a clip-clop of him, speedy Speedy took the \$60,861 Kentucky Futurity in straight heats and won trotting's Triple Crown. In the process the big Castleton Farm colt broke the world record for a two-heat race with a combined clocking of 3:54.3/5, a performance that would have broken still more records had he himself not smashed them all the previous week doing a 1:56.4/5 mile in the Futurity Prep.

The news of Speedy Scot's remarkable performance in the Prep had been buried in the sports pages, even in Lexington. Consequently, fewer than 5,000 people were at the track Friday to see the Futurity and the horse that many acknowledge as the greatest trotter of his day. Not that the minuscule attendance is really surprising—the goings-on at Lexing-

ton are enormous news for harness racing buffs, but not many others give the meeting a glance.

Lexington's track stands ingloriously behind a stretch of cluttered highway, along which motorists are instructed to relax with Sufeco Insurance, take time out with Tom's Peanuts, do their laundry in half an hour and get whisky by the drink at Clark's Tavern. Yet, it is the Saratoga of the Standardbreds. Rows of towering walnuts and eless shade the white wood barns. Sulkies stand ready by each shed row, and through the early-morning quiet comes the sound of blacksmiths at work in their tents. For years any trainer with a good horse has come to the fall meeting at Lexington hoping in the warm, still days of Indian summer to push his horse to a faster time on the wide, well-banked red clay track. One reason for the pushing is that faster times mean higher market prices. The other reason is prestige. Some 140 trotters and pacers hold records on mile tracks, and half of these marks were set at Lexington. The time trials begin in the late morning, and the small race crowd collects early to watch each Standardbred trying to trot or pace the best time of its

life. The horse being tested has no actual competition to help it work up interest, but it is goaded on from behind by two old Thoroughbreds, each harnessed to a special kind of cart. The day is long but leisurely, and after the actual races, if there is one last time trial, the crowd waits to see it, too, as if reluctant to go home.

It was this quiet, untroubled world that Speedy Scot stood surveying from his front-row stall last week. He posed for a photographer and took a shocking nip at a pretty teen-ager's shocking-pink shorts. His caretaker, Wally Good, shadowboxed with him for a while, and then, left to his own devices, the coltish 3-year-old sank to his knees and rolled back and forth in the deep straw, striking out with his hooves at the stall's cement walls. It was obviously wonderful to be worth a million dollars and be a horse. And Speedy Scot is worth a million. Italian horsemen have been trying for months to buy Speedy from his owners, Frances and Fred Van Lennep. Ravenna's Gianni Giambi said last week that he "would give a million dollars for him now, but the horse has no price. It is impossible to buy him."

The Italians are not alone in their estimation of Speedy Scot's worth. Joe O'Brien, the trainer of Scott Frost, the only other trotter to win the Triple Crown—the Yonkers Futurity, Hambletonian and Kentucky Futurity—said, "Speedy Scot is certainly great. I don't think there's much doubt he'll win this race. In fact, I can see no reason in the world why he won't." Which is a lot to say about any horse race.

It was more revealing that another driver, Harry Pownall, felt the same way. His colt, Floris, beat Speedy Scot in the first heat of The Hambletonian seven weeks ago—only to lose to him in the next two—but Pownall held slim hopes for the Futurity. "If Speedy Scot has all the bad racing luck and I have all the good, I might beat him," he said. Nobody else in the eight-horse field seemed to have any chance. On the morning of the race, young Eddie Wheeler, the trainer of one starter, Glidden Hanover, got into a betting pool on the Futurity while he was having his coffee in the truck kitchen. He pulled a slip of paper out of a battered straw hat, opened it up and said with disgust, "Oh, I drew my own horse." So much for the opposition.

While the others talked about Speedy Scot, Ralph Baldwin, the gentle, quiet

continued



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That's my boy!

Jerry's in last place, but the race is young and anything can happen. What's important to me is the fact that he's competing, in his own Sailfish, and with a hand-picked crew.

Even more important is that I was able to get a good picture of Jerry doing something that means a lot to him. If you've ever tried to take a picture of your boy sailing and got the typical results you get from a snapshot, you're probably wondering if I'm a professional.

I'm not—just an amateur who appreciates the value of good equipment. I used a Honeywell Pentax H3v camera fitted with an accessory 200mm Takumar lens for this shot. Because it's a single-lens reflex, and because of the superior Pentax viewing system, I was able to compose my picture knowing that I'd get on film exactly what I saw through the viewfinder.

The racing season is over, but Jerry will remember all the excitement of his first race for a long time, thanks to my Pentax. Wouldn't you like to do the same for your youngster?



At \$229.50 the new Honeywell Pentax H3v (55mm f/1.8 lens, fully automatic diaphragm, speeds to 1/1000 sec.) is today's best value in the 35mm SLR-camera field. See it at your dealer's soon, or write for literature to: Al Thorber (208), Honeywell, Denver 10, Colorado.

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HARNESS RACING *continued*

47-year-old man who has trained and driven Speedy so well, remained, as usual, silent. "I have no strategy," he was finally badgered into saying.

Indeed, as things turned out, he needed none. Going off at 1 to 4 in the first heat (the whole mutual pool totaled only \$8,450), Baldwin shot him out of his sixth post position and had him in the lead by two lengths before the field had rounded the first turn. Floris tucked in behind Speedy Scot and they passed the half mile in 58.4, maintaining their positions. On the far turn Glidden Hanover made a move, but quickly gave up. At the wire it was Speedy Scot by 2½ lengths. He finished in 1:57½, a Futurity record. Floris was second.

This effort so impressed the track officials that they barred any betting on Speedy Scot in the second heat—a move that would have caused a riot at a metropolitan racetrack, but did not produce a ruffle at Lexington, where horses matter, not mutuels.

The second heat was almost a carbon copy of the first, except that Floris did not let Baldwin get so far ahead at the first turn. But nothing was going to catch Speedy Scot, who won in 1:57½. Again Floris finished second.

Baldwin reared Speedy Scot into the winner's circle; horse and driver stood quietly when a chorus line of Kentucky schoolgirls, outfitted in blue and white and red, marched up and surrounded them. Governor Bert Combs offered his congratulations, and the Van Lenneps accepted their trophies. Newsmen and photographers flooded around, and a blanket of yellow mums was draped over Speedy. Baldwin was asked to say a few words over the public-address system. He risked 10: "I am happy to be here at the present time." The crowd chuckled and applauded. Speedy Scot pricked up his ears and stuck out his tongue at the governor. He sticks out his tongue a lot, even when he races, so the governor did not mind.

After the ceremony Baldwin walked down the track in the bright sunlight. He watched Speedy Scot being led off to the barn, then turned to a friend and said, "If I got a horse like that braten, it would be my fault." He had said that before, but again Speedy had not been benten, and again Ralph Baldwin could relax. A woman came up to ask for a mum for her scrapbook. "You can have a whole bouquet," he said.

END

Everybody out



*64 Buick Wildcat—new feature is 7 door Sport Coupe (3-door, 4 door Hardtop, 4 door Sedan, Convertible) — also new from Buick, Special/Style/Lesabre/Electra 225/Wildcat.



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of the rut...the '64 Buicks are here!

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

The lively style of Nippon

En route to the Orient aboard the S.S. *President Roosevelt* along with several hundred people who have joined me in a six-week bridge cruise, I have been getting an advance line on the opposition we may expect when our ship's team plays matches against the top players of the Philippines and Japan. My source of information is the *Bulletin of the Japan Contract Bridge League*, published in Tokyo. The JCBL had exactly 400 members in July of this year, 127 of whom are non-Japanese. But it is patterned on our league in its award of Master Points and ranking of master players, and the standard of Asiatic bridge has been rising rapidly. It is only a question of time before Asian players win a place in the competition for the world championship.

This amazing hand was played in a match between Japan and Malaya in the Far East Asia Championship:

Both sides vulnerable
East dealer

NORTH			
WEST			
EAST			
SOUTH			
EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
1♥	1 N.T.	3♠	3♠
PASS	3 N.T.	PASS	PASS
PASS			

West for Japan opened the 9 of hearts

East won the first trick with the heart ace and shifted to a diamond, giving declarer plenty of time to win nine tricks. However, even if East had continued the heart suit, South could have made three no trump by leading a diamond at once, knocking out East's side entry. Only by ducking the first two heart leads could East be sure of setting the three no-trump contract.

In the replay, Malaya scored game the other way:

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
1♥	DOUBLE	3♠	PASS
3♠	PASS	3♥	PASS
4♥	DOUBLE	PASS	PASS
PASS			

South for Japan opened the king of spades

Declarer won with the ace, discarding a club, and led to his diamond ace. He ruffed two diamonds in dummy, returning to his hand by ruffing spades. On the fourth lead of diamonds South could not gain by ruffing, for it would cost him a trump trick. When he discarded, dummy ruffed and returned a good spade, ruffed by North. East could have made his contract by discarding his remaining club; he also made it readily by overruffing. South also overruffed but could win only one more trump trick and his ace of clubs. Malaya gained a total of 1,390 points.

A high trump would have been a much better opening lead, but even that would not have set the contract. East wins the trump opening with the ace, cashes the diamond ace and ruffs a diamond. On dummy's spade ace, declarer discards a diamond. He ruffs a spade, ruffs a diamond and trumps another spade, establishing the suit. Next he leads a club. North cannot get in to cash the high diamond. Dummy must gain the lead with the club king and declarer discards his last diamond on a good spade. South can win only two trumps and the ace of clubs.

In spite of the huge swing gained by Malaya on this one hand, Japan won the 64-deal match. So I have warned my teammates to be prepared for some violent action.

EXTRA TRICK

When your own hand holds insufficient entries to insure establishment of your suit, it is usually best to duck an early trick. That way, you may leave partner with a card of your suit to lead if he happens to hold the necessary entry.

END

One recent day while Middleweight Rubin Carter (*right*) was preparing for his fight with George Benton, he stood in front of the gym at Ehsan's training camp in Summit, N.J., a .22-caliber rifle resting easily on his arm, and searched for a target on the sunny hillside that rises behind the camp.

"I burned me a squirrel yesterday," he said, his eyes roaming restlessly over the green slope. "He was leaping from tree to tree. Then bam! He didn't leap no more. I been burning those black-birds, too. And bluejays. Bam! Those birds come over here and tell me, 'Man, why don't you miss sometime?' I'm good."

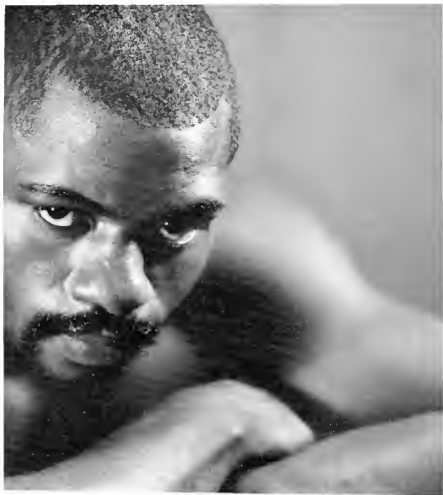
Carmen Tedeschi, Carter's manager, stood at his side, also studying the hill. "There's a bird," he said suddenly, pointing.

Carter raised the rifle and fired, the .22 making an oddly toylike sound, the ejected shell tinkling like a Christmas bell off the hood of his black Cadillac parked near by. On the hill, some 200 feet away, there was a flicker of orange feathers. "Got him," Carter said. "One shot." The feathers flickered again as though the bird were bathing in the dust. Carter shot seven more times, rapidly emptying the clip. Finally the feathers were still.

"That was a robin," Carter said to Tedeschi. "You shouldn't have told me to do that. They're too pretty. *continued*



The Baleful Look



of a New Liston

BY LEONARD SHECTER

Now I'm gonna feel bad all day." He frowned, then added: "Till tomorrow—then I'll get me another." He smiled his even-toothed smile and went inside to put on his boxing gloves.

On the wall of the barnacklike bedroom in which Carter slept at Ehsan's there hung three other weapons, a .32/40 Winchester, a .44 pistol and a 12-gauge shotgun. "I've always liked guns," Carter said. "I got more home."

Guns have meant trouble for Carter. "I've done bad things," he says. "I used to shoot people. I mean or them. Once they had to call out the riot squad."

This was on the streets of Paterson, N.J., where Carter grew up to be a fighter. "I was fighting one of those country fellas, you know, from the South," Carter says. "I knocked him out. His friends said, 'O.K., we'll be back.' I knew they went for guns. I went home and got my shotgun and they came back. One of them had a shotgun, one of them had a pistol. I walked out in the street, just like in the movies. I was fool enough so I didn't believe I could die. That's when the riot squad came."

Carter avoided arrest because the cops arrived in time, but he has not always been so fortunate. When he was 12 years old he stole six polo shirts. His father, meaning to throw a scare into him, called the police. As a result, young Carter spent the next five years in a reformatory. Then it was the Army, then the reformatory again. If somewhere Carter bears, in tiny letters, a trademark as a fighter, it is "Made in New Jersey State Prison, Trenton, U.S.A." If Carter had not traveled this path, half his 26 years under the restraint of bars or command, it is certain he would not today be a man able to make his living with his fists, let alone the No. 1 challenger for Dick Tiger's middleweight title. This may not be good, but it could have been worse.

"If I wouldn't have been to prison I'd be a bum," Carter says. "Maybe I'd be dead. I was a treacherous young man. I didn't care for life. I'd step toward trouble."

This is the way of a number of today's boxing champions. Sonny Liston came

up this way, via the Missouri State Penitentiary. The psychology is simple enough: frustration, the lot of most Negro children, breeds hostility, which in turn broadens the area of frustration and in many cases produces increasingly violent reactions to it. When hostility is successfully channeled into a socially acceptable and yet violent activity like boxing, it has a soothing effect upon the personality, in the opinion of Dr. Victor B. Elkin, a psychologist. "The tension isn't being built up as much," Dr. Elkin says.

Not that anyone can predict what will happen once the ring career is over. If a man does not understand the roots of his hostility, Dr. Elkin points out, he will not shed it easily. It makes one wonder what is instored for a man like Carter. The immediate future is as shiny as a new dime. A month ago, on nationwide TV, he easily beat Farid Salim, taking every round. In two weeks he fights fourth-ranked Joey Archer.

When he fought George Benton, Carter was coming off a fight with José González that he had lost because of deep cuts above both eyes. "Batts," Carter said bitterly and was not believed. So he told Tedeschi: "No more fights with this kind of guy. If I get beat I don't want to get beat by a nobody."

Tedeschi got him Benton, a man hardly anybody else would fight because of his reputation as a skillful boxer and hard puncher. Carter went in a 12-to-5 underdog, came out with a split decision and his challenger's claim well established. The people around Carter say they were not surprised. "If you were going to order up a fighter," says Tommy Parks, who is Carter's trainer and the only college-graduate social worker with a second's license, "Rubin would be it."

Carter has a compelling ring presence. Part of the reason for this is his general appearance. He is somewhat short for a middleweight, carrying his 155 pounds solidly on a 5-foot-8 frame. He is imposingly muscled. He shaves his bullet-shaped head but not his upper lip, and his mustache drips down the sides of his mouth, giving him the look of a Hun. He cultivates a malevolent stare in the ring, what he calls a "Sonny Liston

smile," which not only intimidates his opponents but stirs everybody in the arena into an expectation of immediate mayhem. And there is also the knowledge that behind this warlike appearance is an electrifying punching power. Carter may not be able to put an opponent away with a harsh glance, as Liston seems to, but he can do it with one punch or a flurry, and nothing quite like it has been seen in his weight class since Tony Zale. Counting his amateur fights, he has knocked out 47 opponents.

After only 14 professional fights Carter was in nationally televised main events in New York's Madison Square Garden, home of whatever glamour is left in this business. Since there is a minimum \$4,000 fee involved in such activity, the wise guys were saying nobody comes along that fast unless the Garden has a piece of the action. It would take a Senate investigating committee to dig the truth out of this charge. But astute Teddy Brenner, the Garden matchmaker, says: "The Garden's got a piece of nobody. Carter is an explosive puncher. He excites people. You get a fighter like that, you want to move him."

Just how exciting Carter was going to be even Brenner did not know until he matched him with Florentino Fernandez, a Cuban puncher out of the well-connected Dundee family stable, last Oct. 27. Carter, fighting his first main bout in the Garden, was considered then to be a one-hand (left) puncher. So he put a glaze on Fernandez' eyes with a right hand and battered him senseless with a left and another right. This took just 69 seconds.

Since then Carter has had five fights, losing only to Gonzalez and bringing his record as a professional to 17-3. In beating Benton, he showed a versatility that many thought he did not have. Benton, though the third-ranked middleweight, was getting his first big chance after 11 years in the ring. He had planned his fight around a counter to Carter's left hook but, except at rare moments, Carter refused to throw it. Carter obviously had absorbed some of the instruction he received from the expensive retinue of fight brains Tedeschi had assembled. In this group were Holly Mims, a wily old mid-

dleweight; Charley Goldman, an even older and willier ex-bantamweight; and Joe Washington, a young man who grew up with Benton and could ape his style perfectly. The result was too much for Benton, who seemed paralyzed with anxiety and could not adjust to Carter's adjustment.

It is ironic that success should come to Carter that way. One thing he has shown through his tumultuous young life is a severe lack of ability—or desire—to adjust. Carter has not faced life, he has reacted to it, mostly with violence—at least, paradoxically, until he became a fighter.

He was born in Clifton, N.J., on May 6, 1937. His earliest recollections are of Passaic, N.J., and when he was 7 his family moved again, to Paterson. He is next to the youngest in a family of seven children. None of the others were ever in difficulty with the law. But Rubin Carter was a stutterer. Rubin Carter was a delinquent. No one understands why.

"We were never poor," says his father, Lloyd Carter, a reedy man in his 60s. "I always supported my family. The kids never wanted for things. But Rubin got in with the wrong gang. They looked to him as a leader. He was the bully. He wanted the name."

"My trouble was the violent type," Carter says. "I used to throw stones and break windows. I'd fight with teachers. I had to go to disciplinary school—P.S. 22 in Riverside. I wasn't dumb, just hard to control."

The incident of the polo shirts was just one in a long string of what might be called rebellious pranks. What was Carter rebelling against? His father? School discipline? The color of his skin? All of them, probably, and none that he knew of. But the arrival of the police his father had summoned filled him with terror and hate.

"I believe that howsoever a man sows, that's what he reaps," said Lloyd Carter as he recalled the event recently in the living room of his overfurnished home in Paterson. "When I seen them sweaters I knew Rubin didn't buy them. I don't support a crook."

Still, he obviously had not foreseen the consequences of ringing in the cops.

"I thought they would just scare him up," he said. "Rubin had done so many other things."

Carter has never forgiven his father, although from time to time he moves back into the house in Paterson. "There still is resentment," he says. "And sometimes I don't talk to him for a long time. If my son had done that I would try to handle it myself. After all, all I did was bring them home and try to give them to my brothers and sisters. They were so pretty. It wasn't like stealing. It was more or less of a game."

After that, Carter had to play his games at Jamesburg reformatory. The zealotism with which he approached this occupation is attested by the fact that he spent five years at Jamesburg, and when he left no one else thought it was a very good idea. "I escaped," he says, slipping into the street jargon he sometimes appears to have beaten through prison reading. "When I got to be 17 I started to realize women. When I first went there I didn't care about women. What did I know? Then I started noticing dancing, clothes, just life. It got pretty dreary. So I escaped."

His parents, notified immediately, were expecting him when he got to Paterson. When Rubin offered to enlist in the Army, his father relented somewhat and signed the necessary papers. Carter did not know it, but this was the start of a career in which he would get paid for something he had done free all his life—fight.

One evening in Bamberg, Germany, where Carter was stationed with the 11th Airborne Division, he and an older buddy, a man who had done some amateur fighting, were drinking 3.2 beer. "You have to drink a lot of it to get the way we wanted to be," Carter says. They drank a lot of it. Bragging, Carter confided to his friend that he, too, was a boxer. (He was a fighter, but he had never put on gloves.) It happened that the reeling pair stumbled on a field house where the division boxing team was training. "We seen the lieutenant and asked if we could try out," Carter says. "Probably we'da got beat to death. We

wasn't feeling no pain. But the lieutenant said to come tomorrow."

Came the dawn and Carter turned a sober if somewhat bloodshot eye on the events of the night before and sighed with relief. Fighting seemed like a terrible idea. The lieutenant, however, was not letting the kids off that easily. He intended to teach them a lesson. "I didn't feel like going," Carter said. "But the lieutenant sent for us, and I had to. They put me in with a fella named Nelson Glenn. He was a heavyweight."

This really taught Carter a lesson. He knocked Glenn down in the first round and won himself a spot on the boxing team, and at this point Carter started to like the Army. He fought 56 times, won 51, 36 by knockouts. He even gave up beer. But things were not going to be that simple.

Soon after the end of his hitch, Carter got caught by what he considers a bookkeeping accident. He still was down as an escapee from Jamesburg, and soon after he returned home, a conquering hero of sorts, a clerk somewhere in the depths of New Jersey red tape elected to make a routine check. Carter was discovered at home by the visiting cop service and sent to reformatory in Annandale, N.J. to serve out his indeterminate sentence. He was there for nine angry months, his fuse spattering all the while. "I thought the world owed me a living then for real," Carter says. "I had a good job when they sent me to Annandale; I was a foreman in a factory. When I came out I had nothing. I started hurting people in the street."

On July 1, 1957 Carter and a buddy went on a two-man crime wave. The record reads:

Robbery	Victim: Mary E. Deary
Robbery	Victim: Ray Harrison
Assault with intent to rob	Victim: Edward Simon

Yet at this late date Carter pleads innocent, sort of. "Look, I've done all kinds of things," he says. "I broke into parking meters, broke bus windows, anything. But I never robbed those people."

It was, Carter insists, merely booze and naked aggression. All they did was snatch a woman's purse ("It had no money in it," he says), beat up a pedes-

continued



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A NEW LISTON continued

trian, smack another in the jaw and laugh all the way. "It was right on the street where I lived," Carter says, unconscious of the irony in his lyrical choice of words. "We were having fun. After I grabbed the lady's pocketbook she fell down. We were both laughing so much my friend ran into a wall. It was broad daylight. If anybody was chasing us they couldn't catch us easy. Then this fella came walking along, and we beat him pretty good. We started running and ran into this other fella and we hit him, too. He didn't fall down. He leaned against a tree. We forgot about him, but he was following us."

The wounded man pointed out his attackers to a policeman, who approached the pair from behind, grabbed the friend with one hand and reached for his revolver with the other. Carter seized the opportunity to escape. He could have been shot down, but there was no need to shoot. The policeman recognized him easily. It did not occur to Carter to become a fugitive. "They came at 2 o'clock in the morning to arrest me," he said.

A sharp lawyer might have had the charges reduced to three counts of simple assault. But Carter pleaded guilty to the more serious charges. "My father got a colored lawyer," Carter says with bitterness. "He was for real estate. He didn't know anything about a."

Not that Carter was helping himself much. The first thing he did in county jail was get into a fight with a cellmate. "He got pretty well hurt," Carter says, as though the man had been hit accidentally, by a car. "So no bail for me."

The sentence was two to ten years. Carter served four years and three months. Prison was bearable because he stumbled into a training routine. Just because there was nothing else to do he took to running around the hard-packed earth of the prison yard. It was an even fur-long, eight times around for a mile. He never ran fewer than 56 times around, or seven miles—often he did as much as 11 miles a day, winter and summer. They let him watch fights on television, spar in the gym, unload supplies to build up his muscles. Then there were books on

boxing, and this led to other books, and although Carter only has what he calls an 11th-grade education, he has an agile mind stuffed with odd bits of knowledge. "But I don't read fiction," he says. "I believe in reality. What's not there is nothing."

So it was that when Carter dispatched Florentino Fernandez so quickly in his first main bout, he was able to say: "It was easy. I trained for that fight for 4½ years."

Altogether, his prison stay had what can only be called a beneficent effect upon Carter. He entered a hostile, aimless, angry youth, emerged a young man with determination to become a prizefighter, perhaps a champion. Considering what he had been before, this was a most laudable ambition. And the presence of a worthwhile goal had a remarkably uplifting effect. Reflecting on that subject recently, Marty Pettiford, a desultory light heavyweight and once Carter's sidekick (he spent 67 months in Jamesburg), remarked: "I can remember when Rubin would've hit you in the head with a brick just for laughs, because there was nothing else to do. But not long ago I seen him tell a kid, 'Don't do that. You'll hurt somebody.'"

Having your nose mashed regularly in a ring, apparently, is a gentling experience. Randy Sandy, a journeyman boxer who spars with Carter from time to time, puts it this way: "The more you know about fighting the less you realize you know. It makes you a nice fella. It's the guy who knows a little and thinks he knows everything what's dangerous."

Watching Carter "burn" a bird, it is not difficult to conjure up the man who was dangerous to meet on the street. But despite the fierce look he cultivates so assiduously, there are glimpses of gentleness. "He seems to enjoy things now," his father says. "Before, he was always wondering about his next move."

"I got a goal," Carter says. "I know what I got to do. I'm not a man to be messed with, but I'm not a man to be feared. Now, for the first time in my life, I'm happy. I'm . . . I don't know how to say it, I'm interdependent. I need the milkman. But I don't have to beg for anything."

continued

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A NEW LISTON *continued*

"Inside the ring," says Manager Todeschi, a man given to ornamental expression, "Rubin is a leopard. Outside he's a kitten with a heart of gold."

Not exactly. As he says, Carter is not a man to be messed with, especially when he's drinking, a form of recreation he has not given up, despite the trouble he has seen. "I don't believe drinking is bad," he says. "It's all in the mind. If you can do it moderately it's all right." Then he says defiantly, adding a little to the puzzle: "I smoke, too."

Carmen Todeschi came on the scene when Carter decided to quit his first manager, a man who was, by profession, a prison guard. "He was money-hungry," Carter says. "To him \$100 was like \$1 million to anybody else. I remember I'd ask him, 'Beck,'—that was his nickname—"Beck, let me have \$2 or \$3." I starved. I mean I starved. I didn't have anything to eat for two or three days. And he'd say he didn't have the money."

Carter blames his first losses as a pro, both of which were reversed, on his former manager who, he says, forced him to drink a dehydrating concoction. He was ready for a change when his uncle, who worked for Todeschi, introduced them. "I used to kid his uncle," Todeschi recalls. "I'd ask him 'When you going to bring me a champion?' I've always had champion pigeons. [Todeschi has an elaborate coop in the backyard of his middle-class split-level in Saddle Brook, N.J. stocked with some 100 sleek, chesty birds he says are worth \$100 each.] And I always wanted a champion fighter. Well, one day he brings Rubin around and says, 'Here's your champion.'"

The first thing that impressed Carter was Todeschi's vast lack of knowledge about the boxing business. In the end, though, Todeschi charmed him by being honest—even generous—financially. Also he got him fights. Todeschi, rated a substantial citizen in the north Jersey area, knows a lot of people and sold a lot of tickets to Carter's fights. "I used to eat \$250, \$300 worth of tickets for every fight," Todeschi says. "What did I care? I could tell Rubin was going to be a champion." (One of the ways he could tell is that his wife, Nicoletta, is an amateur astrologer. "I believe in the

continued

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A NEW LISTON *(continued)*

stars," Tedeschi says. "I'm also very superstitious.")

Like Carter, Carmen Tedeschi (pronounced Tedeski) is a puzzling figure. He is a short, fleshy man with slicked-back jet hair bearing the signs of new gray and, although he never has been a fighter, a light, hoarse voice of the kind Anthony Quinn affected in *Requiem for a Heavyweight*. His manner is so sincere it is dangerously close to oily. Yet there is no reason to suppose he is not what he says he is—a wealthy contractor, a fancier of racing pigeons, a man dedicated to building a champion in a business he knows almost nothing about. "I'm not looking for money," he said not long ago, as he tooted along behind the wheel of one of a succession of Cadillac convertibles he was delivering to camp for Carter's inspection. "I'm looking for honor. The only thing I ever took from Rubin was expenses. I think God is on my side. I'm gonna have a champion, and he's not gonna be broke."

Tedeschi considers his relationship with Madison Square Garden a natural. He has what he calls the "product" and the Garden has the building. "It's legit all the way," he said. "They don't even want a piece of my fighter."

I was something of an accident, but Tedeschi does seem to have come up with a winner. Carter is certainly no ordinary fighter. His dedication to training, for example, borders on the fanatical. "This cat beats the alarm clock up to run," Pettinord said at Ehsan's recently, wincing as he watched Trainer Parks slam Carter in the belly with a medicine ball. "It's seven miles around this mountain, and then he sprints two miles. The cat just likes to run, and the worse the ball the better he likes it."

The medicine ball workout is reminiscent of Sonny Liston's avidity for this form of masochism, except that Liston takes it in a less rugged fashion than Carter. Liston stands erect and backs up perceptibly as the heavy ball, heaved by his trainer, hits him. Carter lies flat on his back on a mat. There is no place to back up to. All that is between the ball

and the floor is Carter, muscle, guts and spine. As Parks slams the ball against him Carter grunts, "Harder, harder."

Carter pretends he doesn't like to train. He would rather do the twist, he says, and all its sophisticated variations, including mashed potatoes and the waddle, or just listen to rock 'n' roll. "No sir," he said the other day as he quit a 12-minute, nonstop session with the jumping rope, oozing sweat but refusing to breathe heavily, which is one of his vanities. "I don't like being in camp. It's lonely. I been confined by myself too much. I'd like to be out on the street. I mean with the people. I just want to come out of these hills and get the job done as quick as possible." Sometimes, he says, the grind gets him so far down he dreams of being free of it altogether. "As much as boxing has done for me," he says, "I wouldn't fret one minute to get a job, go to work every morning and get paid every week. It's less money, but you could learn to live within your means." Probably he didn't mean a word of it. He is full of such small contradictions. While he snickers at his father's devotion to Sundays ("He wouldn't even let me go to the movies"), he professes a belief in God. "There are too many flaws and loopholes," he says. "I can't advance something I don't know myself. I want to believe, but before I believe I got to know. I don't believe in spookism. But I believe there's a God. I won't be dogmatic and say there is I believe, though. Man couldn't do it, that's for sure. Man's so greedy if he put the sun up there he'd be charging \$25 a day."

Although a lot of people have been nice to him in recent years, Carter sneers at the motives that he thinks move men. "Most people are brutal, barbaric," he said as he lay back, hands behind his head, on the iron bed and khaki blanket in his bedroom at Ehsan's. "People want to see people get knocked down. If people go to fights they don't want to see a kindly game of croquet. They want bodily contact." He sat up abruptly and made punching motions. "Bam! Bam! Like in football. People want a show. Maybe they don't come to see blood, but if they see it they feel good."

(continued)



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A NEW LISTON *continued*

This kind of cynicism veins his conversation. Once he was asked if he did not feel he was running interference for Liston, getting a license to fight in New York despite his prison record, although Liston could not. "I like Liston," he said. "But I got to say this. If he don't have a license it's no concern of mine." And while he has been interested in the events in Birmingham it has not occurred to him to make a pilgrimage there, as Patterson and Jackie Robinson did. "You know what I would do?" he said. "I'd like to get me a cannon and blow up Alabama."

What he wants out of boxing, he says, is money. "I also want a family," he says earnestly, without a trace of stammer, most of which he lost in a speech therapy school in Germany. (He expects to lose the rest of it when he becomes champion.) "I want to give people everything I never had I mean consideration, protection."

What Carter wants, actually, is to be a character. He affects a top-type beard that he must shave off before each fight and he has a far-out taste in clothes running to vividly colored berets and suits with velvet collars. He had just become engaged, for example, when a reporter asked him the name of his fiancée. "I don't know," he said. "I just call her T or Miss T." (Her name is Thalma Boskett and he knew it, of course. They were married last summer.)

Carter understands intuitively that it is the offbeat that draws attention. That is why he does not like the "Hurricane" tag stuck on him by a Garden publicity man. "It's not unusual enough," he said. "You got to be unusual." What you also got to do is win fights.

"In my mind I'm the champion," Carter said after his knockout of Fernandez. "I know nobody can beat me."

Even Dick Tiger?

"He's a very good fighter," Carter said several months ago. "We've talked. He's very friendly. He's kind, he's a gentleman, he's a prizefighter and a man. And that's the man I'm going to beat."

Now he puts it somewhat differently, perhaps influenced by the loss to Gonzalez. "I guarantee you one thing," he says, "one of us is going to sleep." **END**

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No one doubts that the Yankees pulled the rope tight, but two bull-headed members of the Pittsburgh team helped knot the noose

Who Hanged the 1927 Pirates?

When the Pittsburgh Pirates played in the World Series 36 years ago, they had the misfortune of running into what many consider the "greatest team in baseball." The New York Yankees had won 110 games and finished a full 19 games ahead of the second-place team, seemingly without raising a sweat. Paced by Babe Ruth's record 60 home runs and Lou Gehrig's record 175 runs batted in, the Yanks had hit more homers and scored more runs than any other team in modern history.

The day before the 1927 World Series started, the Yankee Murderers' Row did some more home run hitting, this time in batting practice. The effect of so many balls sailing into the distant stands at Forbes Field is supposed to have won the Series for the Yankees before an inning had been played.

And when Pittsburgh became the first National League team to lose a World Series in four straight games, the legend of the Pirates choking up in the face of invincible Yankee power became established. While it is true that the Pirates did not play good baseball during the 1927 World Series, the Yankees, contrary to the legend, did not crush Pittsburgh to death with slugging. They had only two home runs, both of course by Babe Ruth. The rest of the time New York scored runs in un-Yankeelike fashion: three came in on two walks and two errors to win the first game 5-4. A wild pitch and a hit batsman brought in two runs in the second game. And

when the Yankees won the last game in the ninth inning 4-3, they scored the winning run with a walk, a hint single, a wild pitch, an intentional walk and another wild pitch.

The mighty Yankees, in fact, were lucky to win the Series at all, much less sweep it. For the 1927 Pittsburgh Pirates, though not so explosive, were just as good a hitting club as the Yankees. "They were one of the strongest teams the National League ever fielded," says Garry Schumacher, the knowledgeable publicity man of the San Francisco Giants. With Paul Waner (.380) leading the league, closely followed by his brother Lloyd (.355) and Pie Traynor (.342), the Pirates had seven hitters over .300. The team as a whole batted a rousing .305.

How, then, could a club as strong as the Pirates be overcome so easily? At the time Barney Dreyfuss, the Pirate owner, said bitterly, "No team that is good enough to win the championship of a major league should lose four straight games to the pennant winner of the rival league."

The answer perhaps lies in the mysterious benching of one of the Pirate stars several weeks before the end of the season and in the implacable feud of two bullheaded men. Although the Pirates were involved in a tense three-team pennant race that was not settled until the next-to-last day of the season, Manager Donie Bush (*above*) stopped playing his .309 hitting outfielder, Kiki Cuyler, on

August 9. Cuyler had just been fined \$50 for not sliding into second base on a double-play ball, and Bush ostensibly kept him out of the next game as a disciplinary move. But the rest of the month Cuyler appeared only a few times, and then as a pinch hitter or a late game replacement.

Finally he played a full game on September 5, but the next day was back on the bench. As pressure for Cuyler's return increased, Bush said: "There is nothing personal in my attitude toward Cuyler. He has not been playing up to the quality of the Waner brothers and his replacements, and therefore I feel it necessary to keep him out of the game." With the Pirates fighting hard to win the pennant, Bush continued to ignore Cuyler and used rookies recently recalled from the minors in his place. Cuyler never appeared in another game that season.

When the first World Series game began in Pittsburgh, Cuyler was still on the bench. In the ninth inning, with the Pirates behind 5-4 and the pitcher scheduled to bat, Bush chose Fred Bruckell, a reserve outfielder who had had only 21 at-bats during the regular season, to pinch-hit.

"The fans lost their good humor long enough to yell 'We want Cuyler,' when Bruckell was sent up to bat," said *The New York Times* reporter. "Cuyler, a star outfielder, has been kept on the bench by Manager Bush, and Pittsburgh fandom is much exercised over the fact." Bruckell tapped weakly to the pitcher.

(continued)



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Who Hanged the Pirates? *continued*

er, and the Pirates lost the first game.

The reaction was so intense in Pittsburgh that Dreyfuss issued a statement denying he had ordered Bush not to play Cuyler. "It is solely an issue between Bush and Cuyler," he said. "If Bush wants to play Cuyler at any time he is free to do so."

With Cuyler still in the dugout, the Pirates lost the second game 6-2. During a Pirate rally in the eighth inning, in which they scored one run, Bush again bypassed Cuyler. "The nerves of the crowd gave way," said the *Times*, "and the fans staged one of the most remarkable demonstrations seen in any World Series. The core of the trouble was the famous case of Kiki Cuyler, which has shaken Pittsburgh fandom to its foundations."

"In the eighth inning, when a pinch hitter was needed, the fans rose by the thousands and set up a deafening clamor for Cuyler. But Donie Bush was obdurate and called on Earl Smith, and the storm of boos and jeers and catcalls would have done credit to St. Louis."

"Bush stood out in the coaching line and took it all without flinching while stand citizens jumped up and waved their fists in his direction," continued the *Times* man. "When Smith grounded weakly to Gehrig another chorus of derisive jeers and laughter greeted the failure of Cuyler's substitute."

Bush used pinch hitters three more times in the next two games, and none were effective. Cuyler never got another chance to play for Pittsburgh. In November he was traded to the Chicago Cubs. He played 11 more seasons in the majors and batted as high as .360 in 1929. That year he did play in the World Series, for the Cubs, and hit .300.

Cuyler died suddenly in 1950 without ever fully explaining what happened in 1927. Bush, too, refused for years to say what caused him to keep one of his stars out of the lineup that season. But, a few years ago, he told his side of the story to Fred Russell, sports editor of the *Nashville Banner*.

"Cuyler had played center field and batted third in 1926," said Bush. "He wanted to do the same thing in 1927. I started the season with him in center and had him hitting third. Later I decided he should play left and hit second. My reason for making the change was that Lloyd Waner had joined the club and I regarded him a better center fielder

than Cuyler. Lloyd was faster and had a better arm."

"Cuyler had a great arm too. But he was inclined to throw the ball in from the outfield so high that our infielders couldn't cut off the throw and prevent runners from advancing from first or second base. I had spoken to him about it several times."

"One day late in the season, in a close game, the opposing club had runners on first and third, with one out," Bush continued. "The batter fled to Cuyler. He



CUYLER'S BENCHING PUZZLED THE FANS

threw toward the plate, too high for a cutoff, and the runner on first advanced to second. From there he scored on a single. That run beat us."

"When Cuyler came in to the bench I said to him, 'Won't you ever learn to throw the ball low?'"

"He said, 'If you don't like the way I play get somebody else.'"

"I said, 'I will.'"

"I put Clyde Barnhart in left field. It had to be that way. I had to maintain discipline. One time I did fine Cuyler \$50 for not sliding to try to break up a double play. But the real reason I benched him was for what he said to me after the high throw."

"I had great respect for Cuyler as a player. His only trouble was his temperament, his bullheadedness. If he had apologized to me I would have put him back in the lineup. But he never did."

Perhaps if Cuyler had been less bullheaded the Pirates would have got some badly needed runs in the 1927 Series. And perhaps if Bush had been less bullheaded they would have won it. **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—The **LOS ANGELES DODGERS** beat the New York Yankees in four straight games (3-2, 4-1, 1-0, 2-1) to produce one of the most stunning results in World Series history (see page 18). The Yankees were so unimpressed by the Dodgers' pitching—Steady Kautler (first and fourth games), Johnny Podres and Ross Perot (second and fifth games), and Tom Seaver (third game)—that they benched their ace, Tom Seaver, in Game 7 (2-1), the lowest since the 1903 Athletics.

Mid-major league **MIL HARDER**, who spent all of his 10 major league seasons with Cleveland, was inducted into the National Baseball Hall of Fame in Laffey, Wis., on Aug. 30. He was a 300-game winner. Harder had pitched for Cleveland from 1928 through 1947 (123 wins and 146 losses) and had been pitching coach since 1948.

The **NATIONAL LEAGUE**, in an unrelenting attempt to make up for its poorly planned season of the New York Mets and the Houston Colt .45s two years ago, made four players (each of the other NL teams available for \$50,000) available for the two belated games. "I don't expect one month from the list," said NL President George Weiss.

BOATING—**JEAN-PIERRE RENEVER** of Switzerland dominated the boats of 22 other competitors to win the Flying Dutchman class world championship on Lake Starnberg near Munich, Germany. Racing on races in as many days, Renever accumulated 5,295 points, while the U.S. entry, Ed Meigs of Lake Geneva, Wis., finished fifth with 2,534 points.

FOOTBALL—**NFL** the **CLEVELAND BROWNS** beat their lead in the league division and an undefeated record (now a 9-0) by coming from behind in the last period to beat Pittsburgh 33-21 (see page 5). The Steelers had accumulated 16-5 points for 289 yards and two touchdowns, but a was not enough as Frank Ryan threw three touchdown passes and scored another, and the Browns ran for 175 yards and a touchdown. Y. A. Tittle had another big day (19 completions for 324 yards and three touchdowns), and NEW YORK, defeated Washington 24-14. For the first time in three games (12 points), however, Tittle had a pass intercepted. ST. LOUIS moved into a winning position by the Giants by defeating Minnesota 30-14. Charley Johnson accounted for 301 yards of the yardage (19th overall) when he completed 12 passes for three touchdowns. In a dogfight between the Lions and Detroit early in the game, LEO DIXIE PHILIP, outback Dallas 24-21 in Western Quarterback Kick HBI, scored his first game in place of the injured Sonny Jurgensen, completed 17 of 26 passes for 215 yards and two touchdowns. The undefeated CHICAGO BEARS surprised by Baltimore 10-10 in both ends first place in the Western Division. The Colts were leading 5-0 in the last period when Rube Ruck, a reserve quarterback for the Bears, won the

game with a 44-yard touchdown pass in Halfback Route. Ruck got past 221 GREENSBACH in a third straight game by romping over Los Angeles 42-10. The Packers' Herb Adderley quickly started the Bears on the way to their fourth loss in a row when he ran 98 yards to a touchdown with the opening kickoff. Bart Starr made yard of it with two touchdown passes, including a 13-yard line to find Mac McGee. San Francisco had a new coach (Jack Christensen), but that was about all in the 49ers last three (11-0 consecutive game loss in 1965), the exhibition and four (10-1) to DETROIT. Tenack matters worse. Tommie Walkington-Lane, broke Christensen's 12-year-old NFL record for punt return yards for 144 yards.

AFL DENVER staggered previously undefeated San Diego 50-14 as Gene Mingo kicked five field goals and five extra points and John McCormack tossed three touchdown passes. The Chargers had led by three points in half time on Tabor Rife's three TD passes, but the Broncos galloped to 33 points in the second half. NEW YORK defeated Boston 31-24 when the returning Ben Tormey drove off their microphones into southwesterly drives. It was the third victory in a row for the Eastern Division leaders. Last Denver's four touchdowns on passes (12 for the season) led KANAWA CITY in a 38-7 win over Houston, and BUFFALO won its first game by shutting out Oakland 12-0. It was the Raiders' third straight loss after opening the season with two victories.

GOLF—**ARNOLD PALMER** added \$25,000 more to his record earnings this year (192,175) when he won the 72-hole Western Open in Philadelphia with a 191. After coming to a five-hole lead over the four-time holder of the lead round, Palmer suddenly lost his touch and needed a birdie on the 17th hole to beat Lorne Henrich by one stroke.

HAMMER RACING—**SPEEDY SCOT** surpassed no one when he won the \$90,000 Kentucky Futurity in straight heat at Lexington, to become the second horse to win sporting's Triple Crown (see page 30). Case Futurity Winner MEADOW SKIPPER, defeated Chertock, owner of the Little Brown Jug, in a race at Lexington, but he had to set a new record to do it. Driven by Larry Avery, Skipper paced a mile last in 1:55.7, beating a 1:55 of a second the record for 3-year-old horses.

HOCKEY—The National Hockey League ALL-STAR team beat the Stanley Cup Champion Toronto Maple Leafs 3-3 in the NHL All-Star Game in Toronto. Frank Mahovlich, the Maple Leaf's All-Star left wing, scored two first-period goals, and Right Wing Gabe Lattin scored one in the third period. Chicago's Bobby Hull, Detroit's Debraux Marcel Pronovost and Montreal's Gilbert Richard led the scoring for the All-Stars.

HORSE RACING—Baron Gigg de Rothschild's EX-BURY under Alan Doolan won the big \$100,000 de l'Arc de Triomphe, Europe's richest race, by two lengths at Longchamp, Paris. The victory, Ex-Bury's sixth straight in a season, was won by 116-1 odds and made him the richest French horse in history (\$450,000 overall). Refko, the Epsom Derby winner and classic favorite, finished a dismal sixth.

Raymond Gearty's CHIEFTAIN (34-50) and Mrs. Dorothy Connors Riggs's DUNHILL (49-1) won the spring-crown Colonial Saddle 2-year-old stakes at Aqueduct. Chieftain's ride by Bill Hartman and the favorite among the 11 starters on his own, went to a neck. Dunhill, with Ray Beardsley, won a third chance in his show, but had the field all the way to win by 2 1/2 lengths.

In the male Frontal Scales for 2-year-old fillies at Aqueduct, Long Island's LOST TOSMAY (122-90), with Satorio Shindler as jockey, won her sixth race in a first 1:36.

Paul Bingham's DEAN CARE (167-19), under Bob Slattery, won the Lanesboro Handicap for 3-year-olds at Aqueduct by 3 1/2 lengths. Kentucky Derby and Belmont winner Charming, the add-on favorite, was out of the money.

HOTER SPOTS—England's GRAHAM HILL, driving a BRM, won the 21-mile U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, N.Y. (see page 29). Hill, last year's world driving champion, averaged 109.1 mph over the 110-lap course and finished 24 seconds ahead of his BRM teammate, Richie Ginther, of Grand Prix Hill, Calif. Scotland's Jim Clark, last year's driving champion, came in third in a Lotus.

SWIMMING—Britain's STELLA MITCHELL, 36, broke her own world record for the 220-yard swim on her breaststroke in a meet against Hungary in Blackpool, England, after time with 2:30.2.1. She took 100 yards that mark the set in the same pool last month.

TENNIS—The U.S. DAVIS CUP TEAM, in what was supposed to be a warmup for its entrance final against India, was thoroughly routed by three Indians in the Palermo (Italy) international tournament. Dennis Ralston lost to Sanku Tiwari, 6-3, 6-3, in the second straight set, on the quarterfinal. Chuck McKinley was defeated 4-6, 5-7 by Giuseppe Merlo, and Marty Riessen bowed to Nicola Pietrangeli, 1, 10-8. Frank Froehling managed to reach the semifinals before losing 6-4, 6-3 to Pietrangeli, who went on to win with the singles play.

MILWAUKEE—**DIED**—HERE JOESTING, 58, Milwaukee's two-time All-America fullback (1926-27) who led the Green Bay Packers in an undefeated season in 1927, of a heart attack at 51. Paul DIED RALPH FOSTER (57) PILKINS, 67, a major catcher for the Philadelphia Athletics (1917-1957) and later a coach for two other clubs, at a convalescent home in Philadelphia.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

22—Jenny Drake 24—Rene Aron 27—Molly Smith 30—James Drake 37—Margaret Smith 39—AF 44—67—Phil Bond 70—Richard Bond 80—Molly Drake—Franklin Drake—Lynell Drake—Molly Drake, AP Daily Courier

FACES IN THE CROWD



DON MAHALUGIN, 35, of Fort Collins, Colo., who began kick rearing at 7 and competed in his first rodeo at 19, won the national steer-reining championship for the second time in four years. He had previously won the all-around championship five times.



DARVILLE COX, who injured his back so severely in an auto accident last spring that he had to change his name, came back to win the Professional Bowlers Association City of Roses tournament in Portland, Ore. It is his second PBA victory in only five tries.



LIEUT. (J.G.) JOE MELINO, Navy's 1940 Hodman Trophy winner (now on duty at Charleston, S.C.) from the ball for the deciding touchdown in his first pro game—with Providence of the Atlantic Coast League. "It feels great to be back," was his careful comment.



BOB FARRINGTON of Richmond, Ohio, driver of the most wins in the U.S. the past two years, used a harness-racing world record when he won six races in one day at Freehold Raceway, N.J. He was the first six-year-old male in six successive tries.



DICK LYTLE, a Marine corporal, shot a course record 67 on the first round 60 won the Intervenor Golf Tournament in Pensacola, Fla. In the team competition, his second-hole birdie in a sudden-death playoff gave the Navy its first tournament sweep.



BOB DUNBAR, 17, the 5-foot-6-inch, 150-pound goalie for Fountain Hill (Pa.) High School's soccer team, helped break neighboring rival Bethlehem High's five-year, 50-game winning streak when he made 10 saves in the scoreless two-overtime game.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SEMPER FIDO

Sirs:

I think Myron Cope did a fine job on Fido Murphy (*Football's Greatest Scum*, Sept. 30), but I would like to set him straight on one detail. St. Vinton skil' play Moose Krause's St. Mary's team in a night football game indoors. I know because I quarter-backed St. Vinton's. I had a cast on my left arm, but Murphy had me in there any way, so to do the punting. He said I was too valuable to be sitting this one out.

Fido Murphy is really a great fellow and has done a lot for me.

ALFRED PALLADINO

Bristol, Conn.

Sirs:

As I anticipated, Fido phoned as soon as I returned from New York. He said the story was good, and his wife got on the phone and called me a genius, but Fido was deeply wounded by one thing in the story. We quipped Moose Krause as saying that Fido was mistaken in relating that his St. Vinton team played Moose's team in the first indoor football game in history. Krause said his team played St. Benedict's College, coached by Moon Mullins. Fido says that the game Moose was referring to didn't take place until the following year and that his team most certainly had played Krause's team in the first indoor game. "Now all the sports-writers will think I'm a phony," Fido shouted as me through the phone.

MYRON COPE

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

Please retract statement made by Moose Krause on page 34 of your September 30 issue.

When I thought up playing St. Mary's College of Winona, Minn. indoors at 52nd and Cottage Grove in 1934, which was a success financially for St. Vinton College where I was the head coach, I consider a one of my pride and joys and better accomplishments in football and demand the truth printed.

In fact, Marjorie Schwartz asked me that night at half time to go easy on Krause, because he was an outstanding athlete at De La Salle Academy and at Notre Dame, and that night was the first time his Chicago following saw him as a coach.

The next year (1935) St. Benedict's College of Kansas played that indoor game after my brainchild of the year before.

My players who played for me in that 1934 indoor game are calling me from all parts of the nation, therefore, please make a correction.

RAY (FIDO) MURPHY

Burbank, Calif

GOURMET'S WANDS

Sirs:

As a sometime fisherman who was nursed through his first wahoo by Roy Taylor, I protest Jack Olsen's depreciation of the gastronomic value of this game fish (*Wahoo*, Sept. 30). Joy unbonded comes as you watch the leaping strike on a trolled bonefish or gar, excitement as he strips 100 yards from the reel, anguish as you "horse" him in to beat the following shark; but the flip of anticipation of broiled or barbecued wahoo really makes the day. Bermuda rockfish and broiled dolphin fillets are the only palate pleasures that approach these dishes.

ROBERT KOLLMER, M.D.

Short Hills, N.J.

50-MILE GIRLS

Sirs:

We of the Amarillo Saddle Aquatic Club wish to extend our appreciation for the fine article that was written about our 50-mile swim (*Scorecard*, Sept. 16). But the girls of our team make a protest. You indicated that only boys swim. There were many fine girls swimming in this endeavor; I am included. The girls ranged in age from 8 to 16.

CONNIE SMITH

Amarillo, Texas

WAIL'LL NEXT DECADE

Sirs:

I would like to commend you for your very comprehensive and direct article (*If/Ifs Can't We Beat This Girl?* Sept. 30).

The plain, simple fact is that as long as we provide virtually no programs for our American girls, and as long as we discourage their participation and defend their defeat by saying, "Ladies should not perspire or show signs of physical stress or strain!" we shall continue to get clobbered. If we hope to go ahead and produce a winner in the area of women's track and field, we must institute changes in practice, philosophy and policy. There are in America thousands and thousands of girls who would be willing to pay the price necessary to represent this country internationally. We never hear of them or from them, because we don't expose them to the sport.

Somewhere between the Atlantic and the Pacific, between the Canadian and the Mexican borders, there is a women's track-and-field team that can win for America and that Americans can be proud of. I believe that we should find that team—now!

JAN BEATY

Pasadena, Calif

Sirs:

I am in junior high and am avidly interested in track and field. But, is there any way I can really compete, without com-

peting on the national level? No, not to speak of. Our school does have a meet with a few other junior high schools once a school year. Seeing as how this is an annual event, one would think it would be a really big event. It isn't. We have a grand total of four events—softball throw, broad jump, high jump and 50-yard dash. This can hardly be called a "track meet."

As for class instruction, more emphasis should be placed on track and field—competitive and recreational aspects. With more training, more champions can be developed. The saying, "Champions are made, not born" still holds. Junior high is not too young to start.

MARLENE TABOR

Bethesda, Md

Sirs:

Finally, someone has come out for improvement in girls' athletics.

It has been proved time and again that physically fit females are happier, do better in the classroom and make better mothers. Yet, our educators make no provision for girls' athletics.

The physical education people consider it drudgery to coach girl athletics, and few, if any, male coaches want the job. The girls' teams show this neglect in a lack of fundamental knowledge of the sport.

Girls' athletics can be exciting and hold spectator interest if we will forget that females are fragile packages that must be protected and coddled at all times. Girls tolerate a rigorous training schedule as well as boys, but many coaches fear that they will overwork girls and hence be left open to criticism. Let's give the girls the same playing rules as the boys and forget this double standard. Let's give them a real chance to run and play; then we will have Olympic teams that will be a credit to our country.

FRANK E. BARNES JR., M.D.

Smethfield, N.C.

Sirs:

Ten years from now, possibly a little sooner, American girls may be able to beat a Russian girl like Valentina Maslovskaya. There really isn't anything the matter with American girls that the education of parents, school administrators, school boards, physical educators, the medical profession, writers for popular magazines—and American girls—couldn't fix. But it will take that long. The chances for our present crop are gone.

It wasn't just the exclusion of physical educators from participation in Olympic planning in 1928 that derailed track and field as well as practically everything else of value in girls' physical education. Of far more importance was the misinterpretation

(continued)



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—rocks the experts, too. Two months ago she didn't know guns from beans, and cared less. Look at her now! America's fastest growing, most challenging family sport has a new devotee, and you have a new shooting partner. There's a range near your home. Take her out—you'll both enjoy it.

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10TH HOLE continued

of educational theories. This lack of understanding led them to scrap calisthenics as dull and regimented. Next, apparatus and tumbling were shelved. Gymnastics, the builder of basic bodies, arm, hand, shoulder, back and chest strength and the all-important flexibility so necessary to later skills, suddenly became too "hard" for children—and worse, "too dangerous." With hardly a ripple we dropped the black ink of fear into our entire school population—and it has been there ever since. This attitude exists only in America.

Freud's theory that many neuroses originated in childhood meant, they thought, that children had to be kept "happy" at all costs. So competition was outlawed (the losers wouldn't be "happy"). Sweat and strain imply discomfort, and discomfort isn't a "happy" state. The children could *play* on their own time. The trouble was they didn't, for this was the start of the radio-TV era. This thievery of time exists to this day. Put a stopwatch on your boy or girl in P.E. when he is engaged in actual body-building activities and you will find that, unless he is varsity or she is a cheerleader, it comes to about 15 minutes a week. How far do you think kids would get with 15 minutes of math a week? Bad as this is for boys, it is even worse for girls.

The best years for physical development and for the development of drive and courage are the first six. The second important period is from 6 to 12. At the time the first Council on Youth Fitness was formed in 1955, 91% of our elementary schools did not even have a gym. After spunk went up, school boards even scrapped some of those that existed to make more space for labs.

But a new time is at hand. At the New York State University at Cobleskill, N.Y., nursery school teachers are learning to teach real physical fitness classes to 2-, 3- and 4-year-olds. (Why do our skaters and swimmers do well in international competition? They start young, they work hard and someone is interested.)

The young teachers work with their small pupils on tumbling, calisthenics and apparatus. The children climb, jump, lift, push and *run*. Gone are the naps, gone the pumpering and gone the chance to watch. In those classes every child *does*—and the teacher *does*. No wonder that they get and keep good-looking bodies—examples little ones can follow.

It's a strange thing, but all this hard work turns out to be fun. The children love it, they improve, they are proud of themselves and they are "happy." Those little people are on the way to healthy bodies that will support healthy minds capable of hard work and considerable accomplishment.

BONNIE PRUDEN
President, Institute for
Physical Fitness

New York City



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